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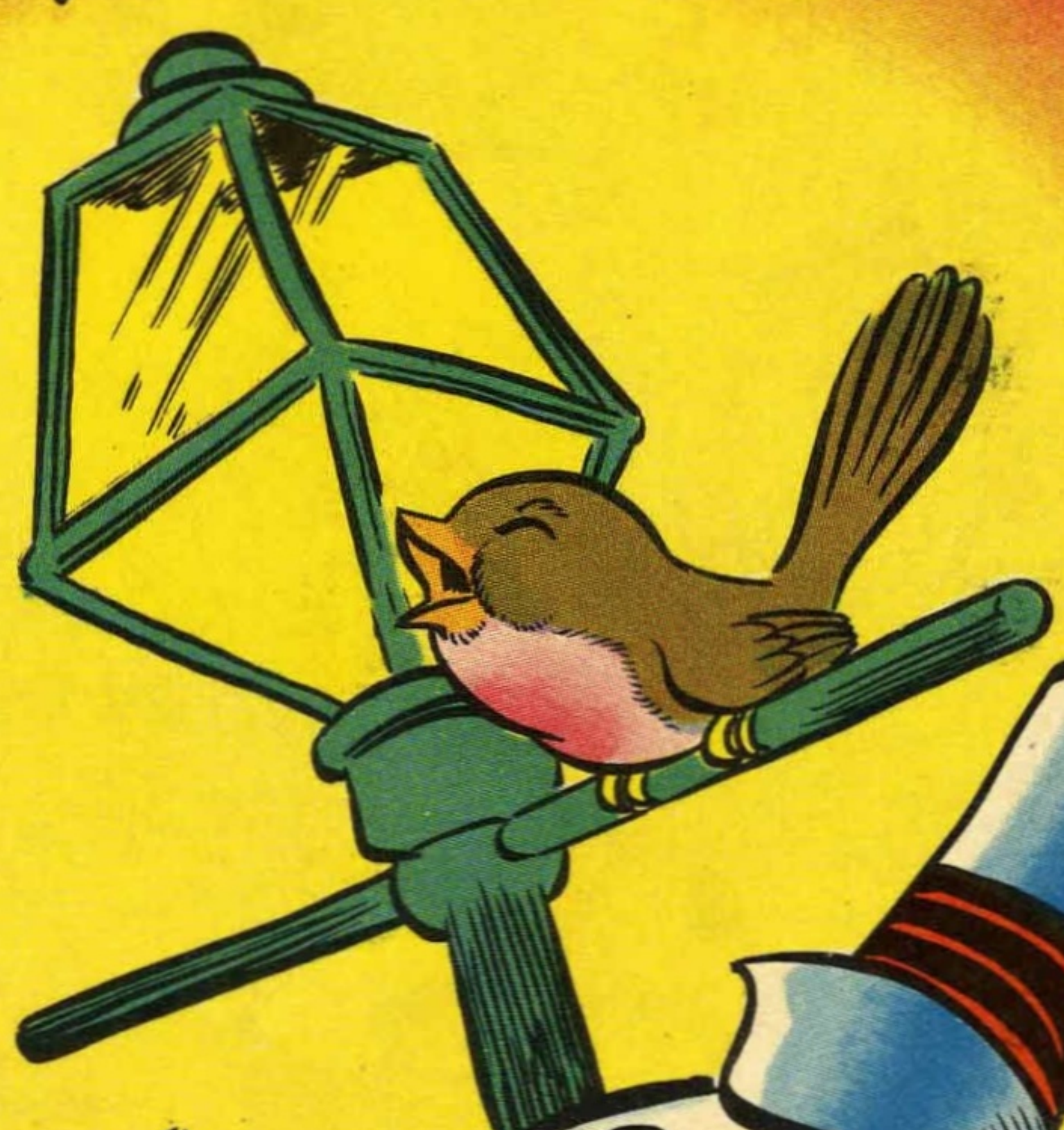
10¢

NO. 201

CHRISTMAS

with

Mother Goose



by WALT KELLY



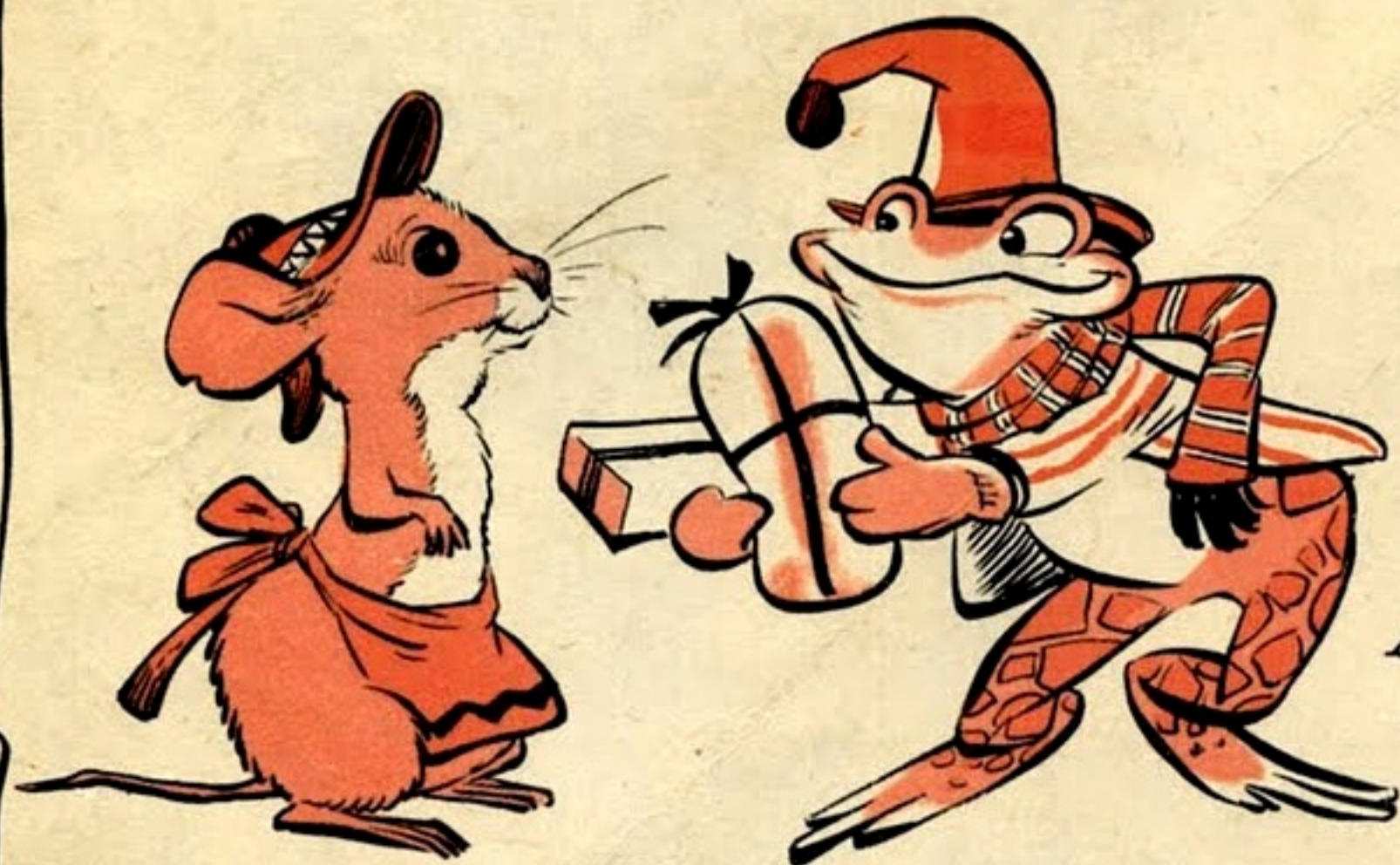
Christmas

Day in the Morning



*frog, he would
a-visiting go,
On Christmas Day
in the morning.*

*Whether his mother
would let him or no,
On Christmas Day
in the morning.*

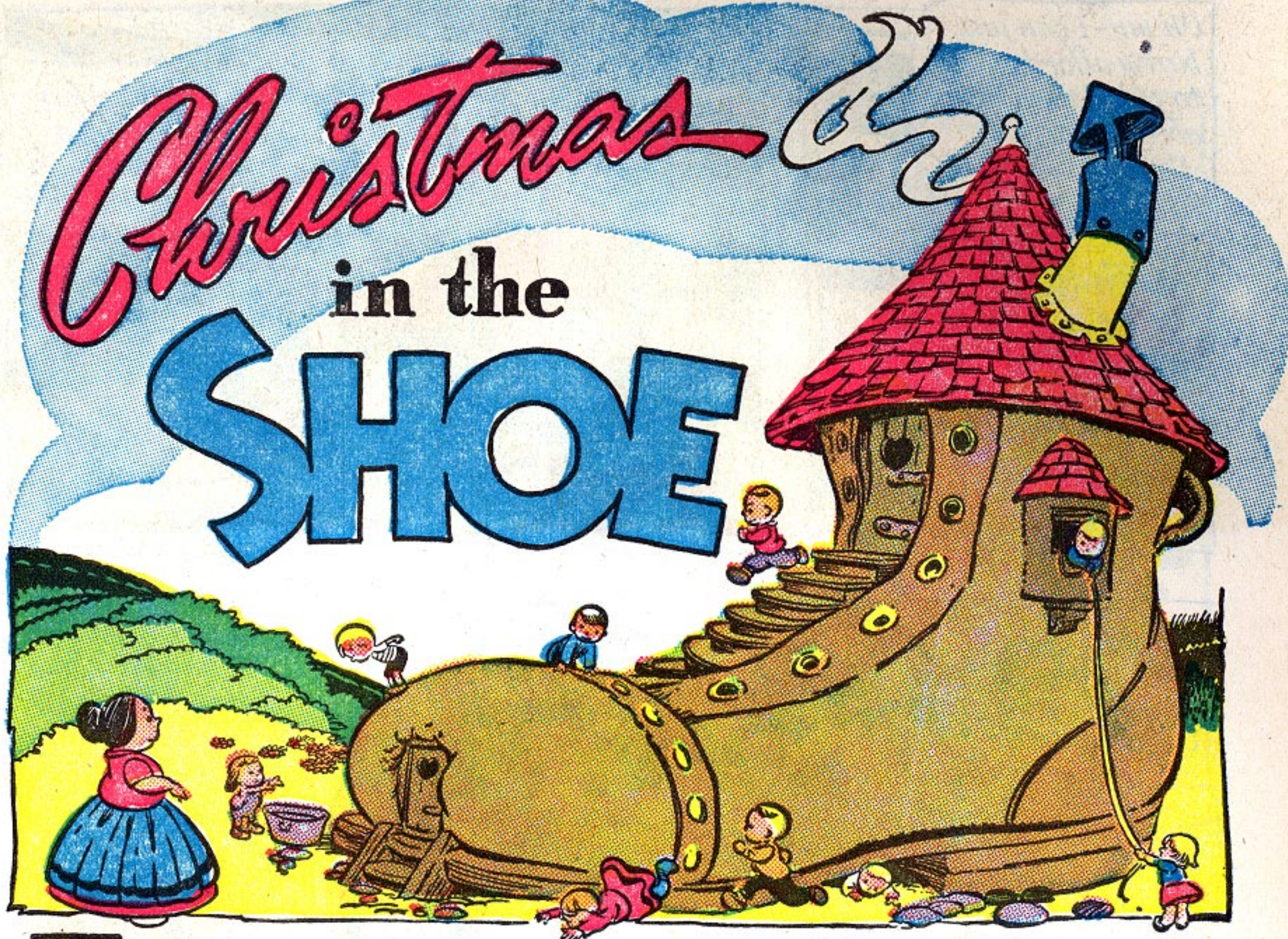


*He brought Miss Mousie
a Chesapeake cheese
And a woolly red scarf
to warm her knees.*

*He laughed and sang
as gay as you please,
On Christmas Day
in the morning.*

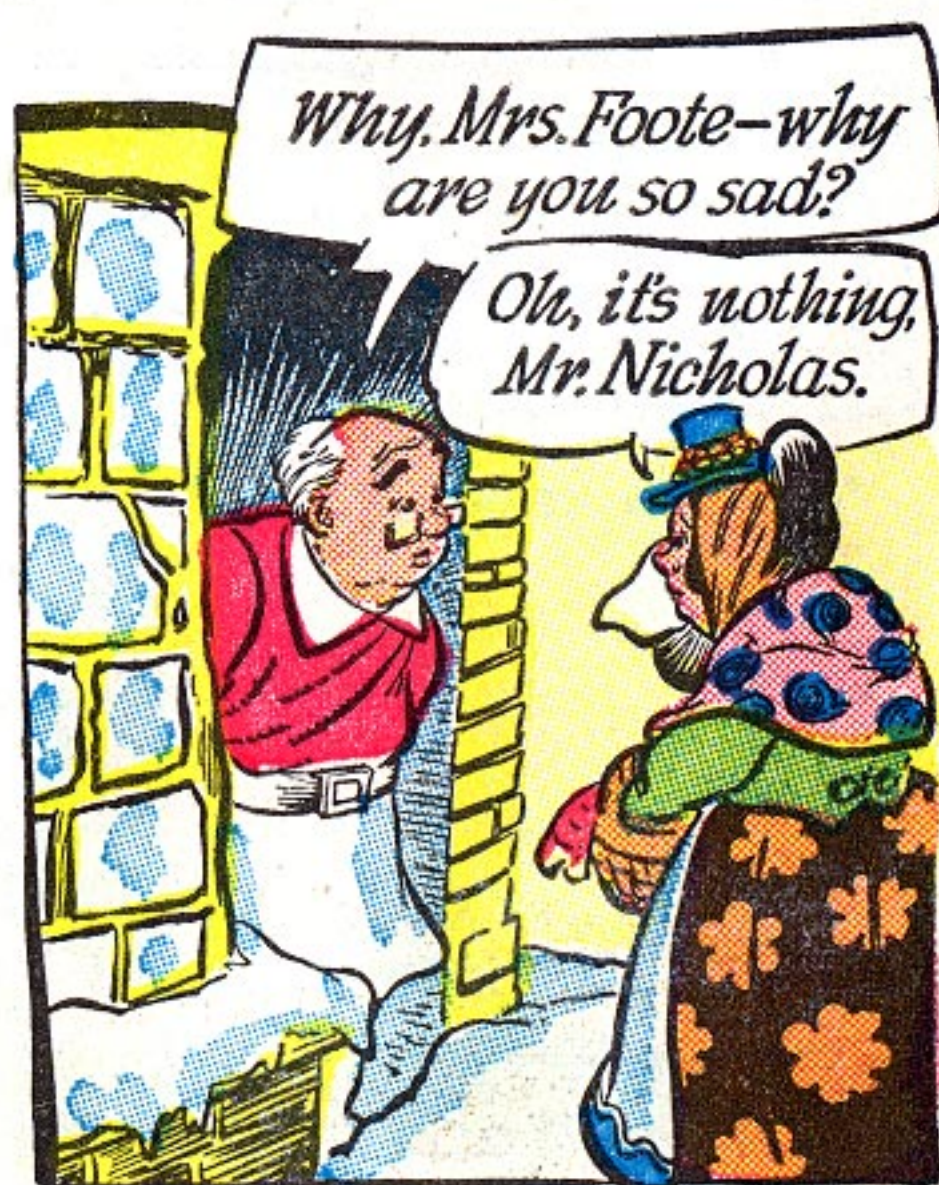


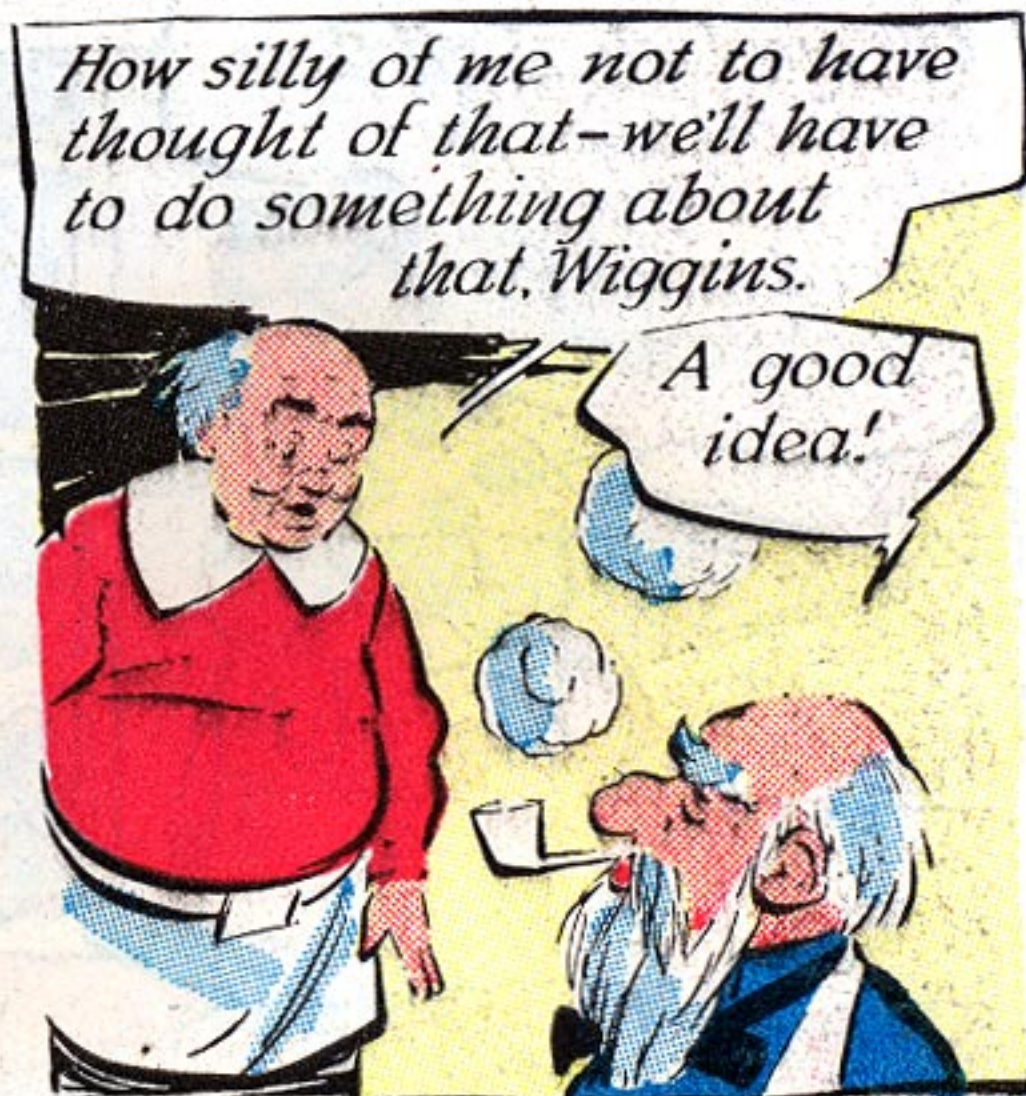
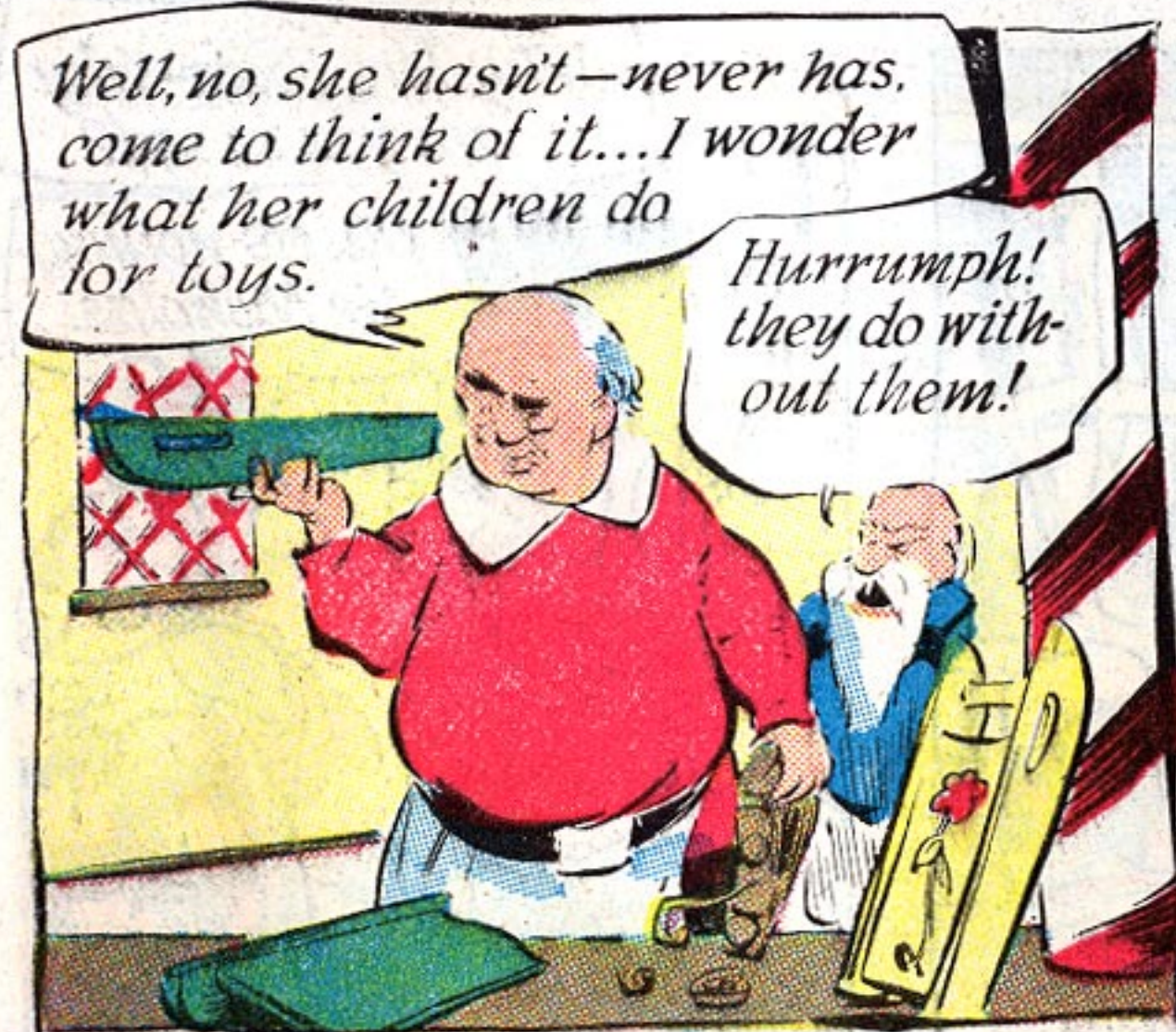
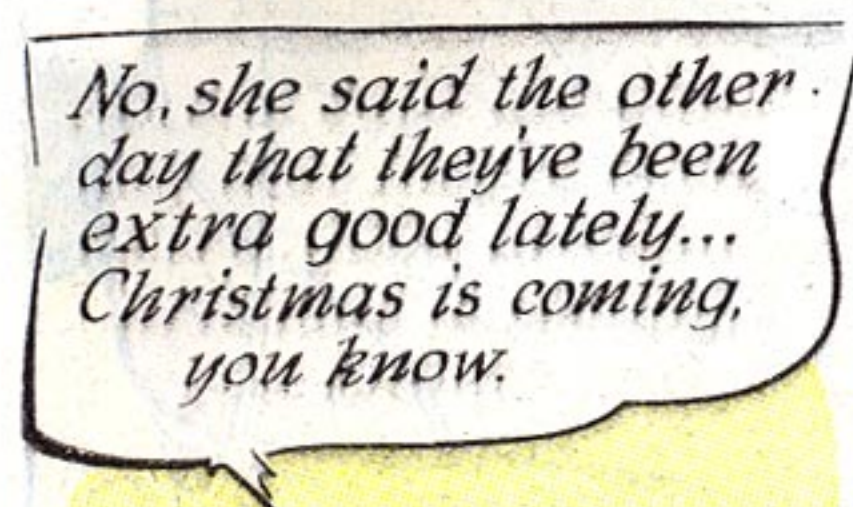
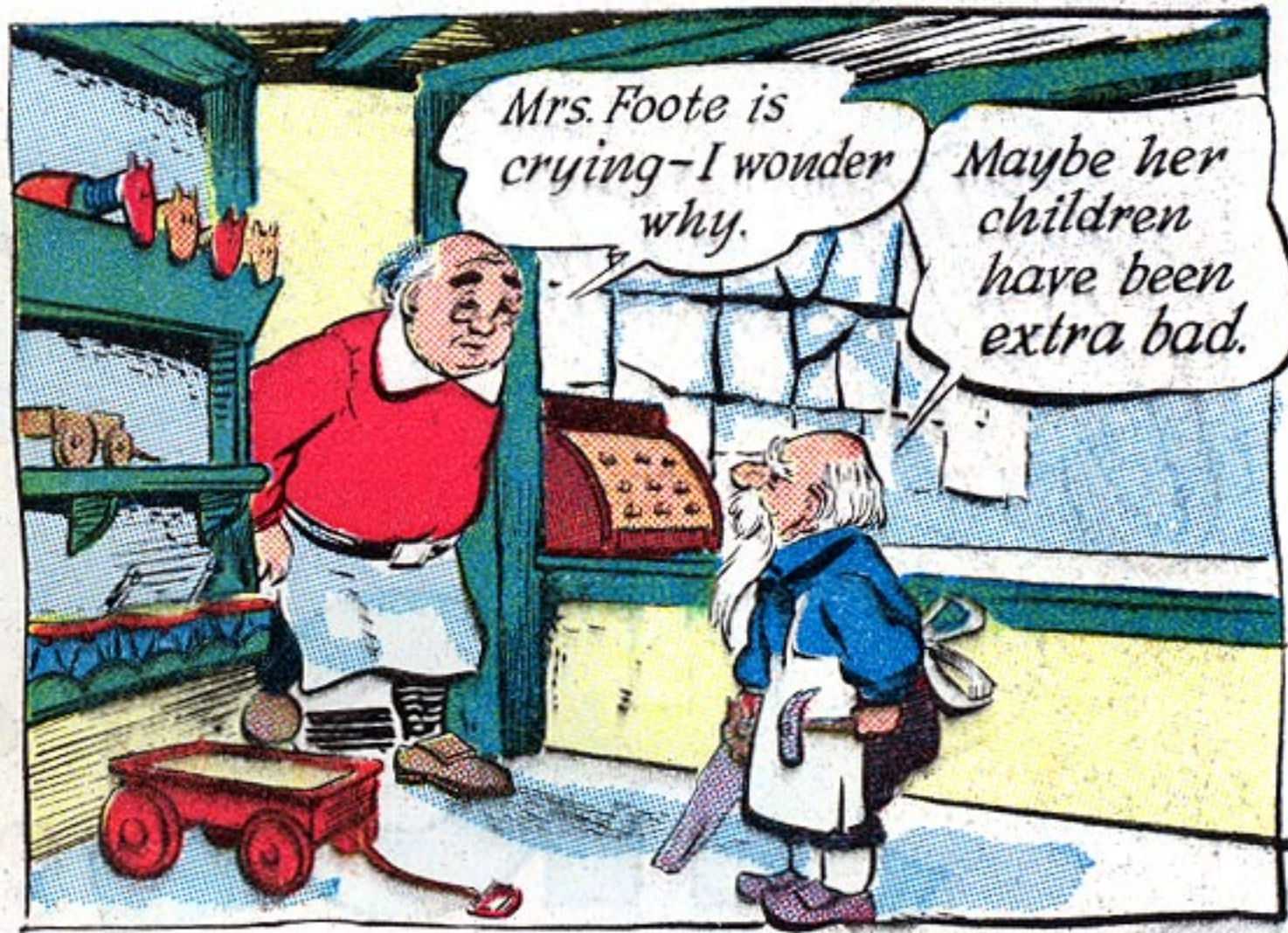
Christmas in the SHOE



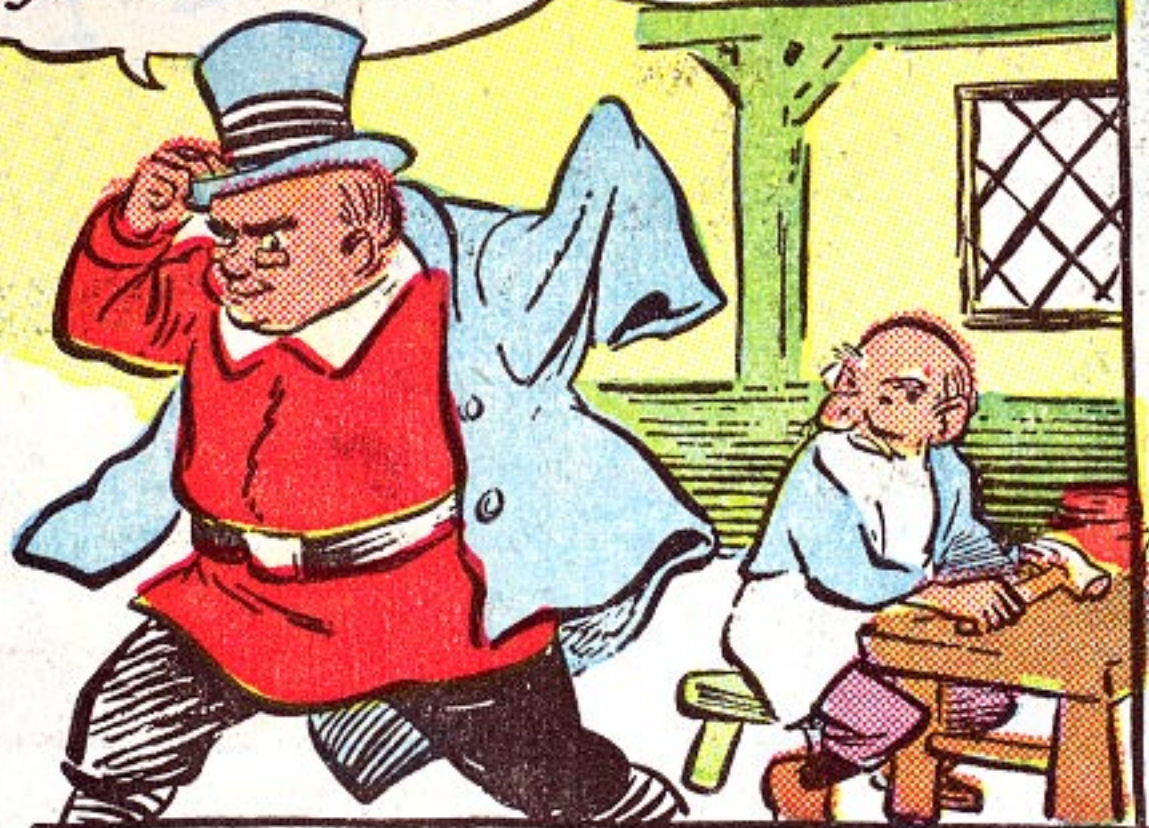
There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.

With Christmas a-coming
It was no task to enjoy—
A-trying to find gifts
For each girl and boy.





Well, I'll visit a few people
and we'll see what
might come about.



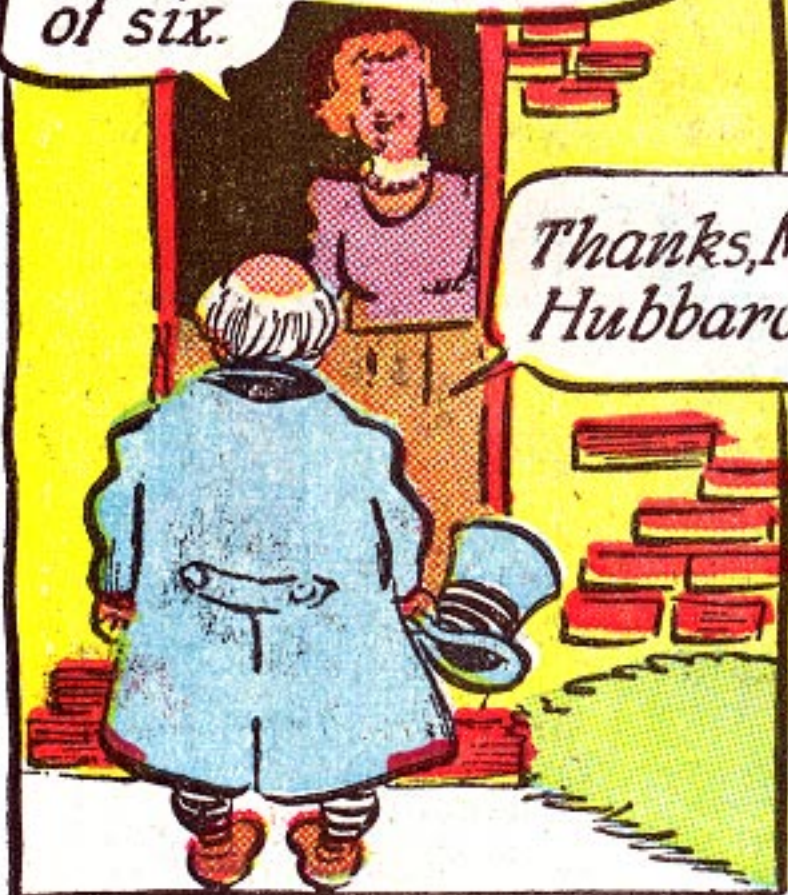
Why, sure, I can help.
My cat had kittens—
children love kittens.

Thanks,
Crooked
Man!



Children love puppies, too.
My dog has a litter
of six.

Thanks, Mrs.
Hubbard.



I'll bake
a special
cake!

Fine!



Jack and I will make
a batch of candy
canes.

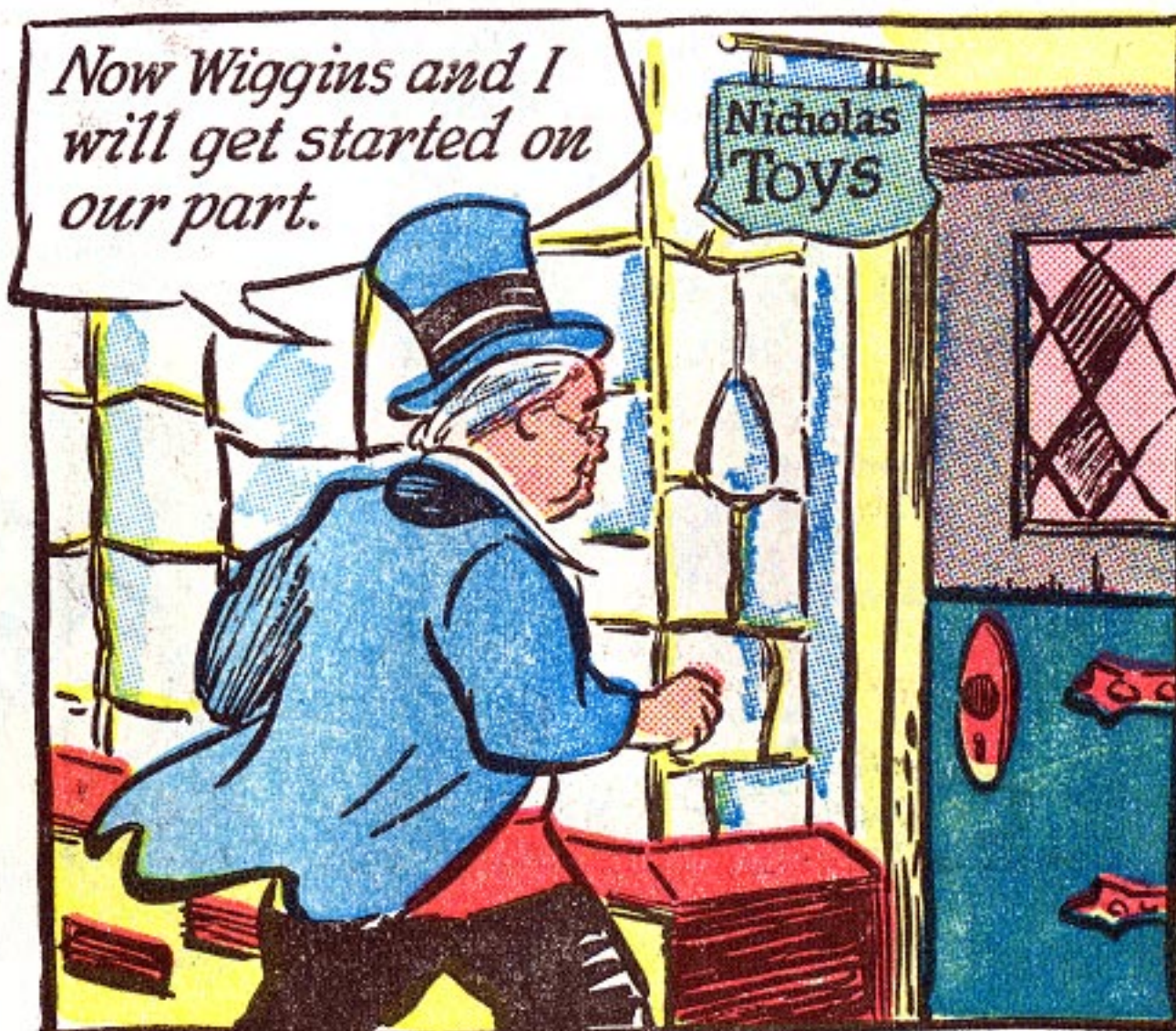
That's
fine, Mrs.
Spratt!

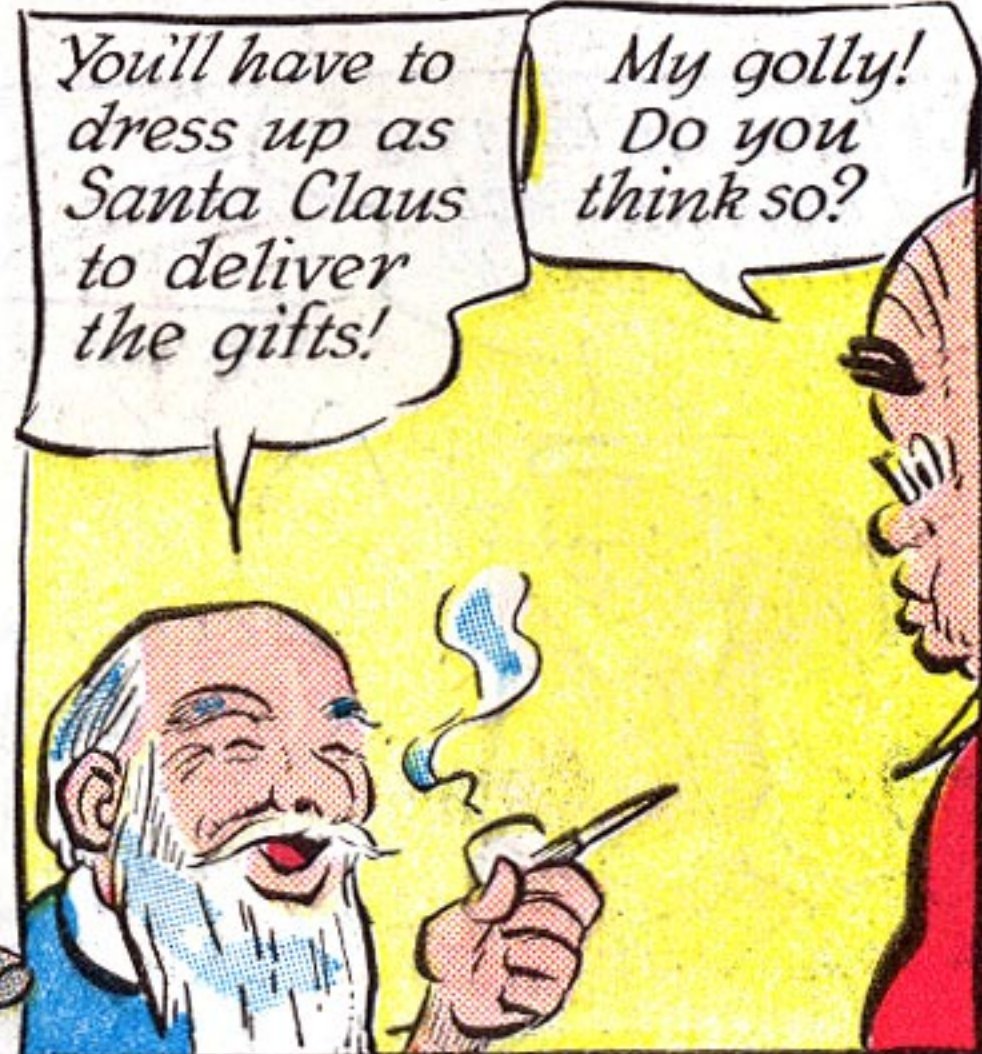


Guess I've
seen every-
body in
the town
now.

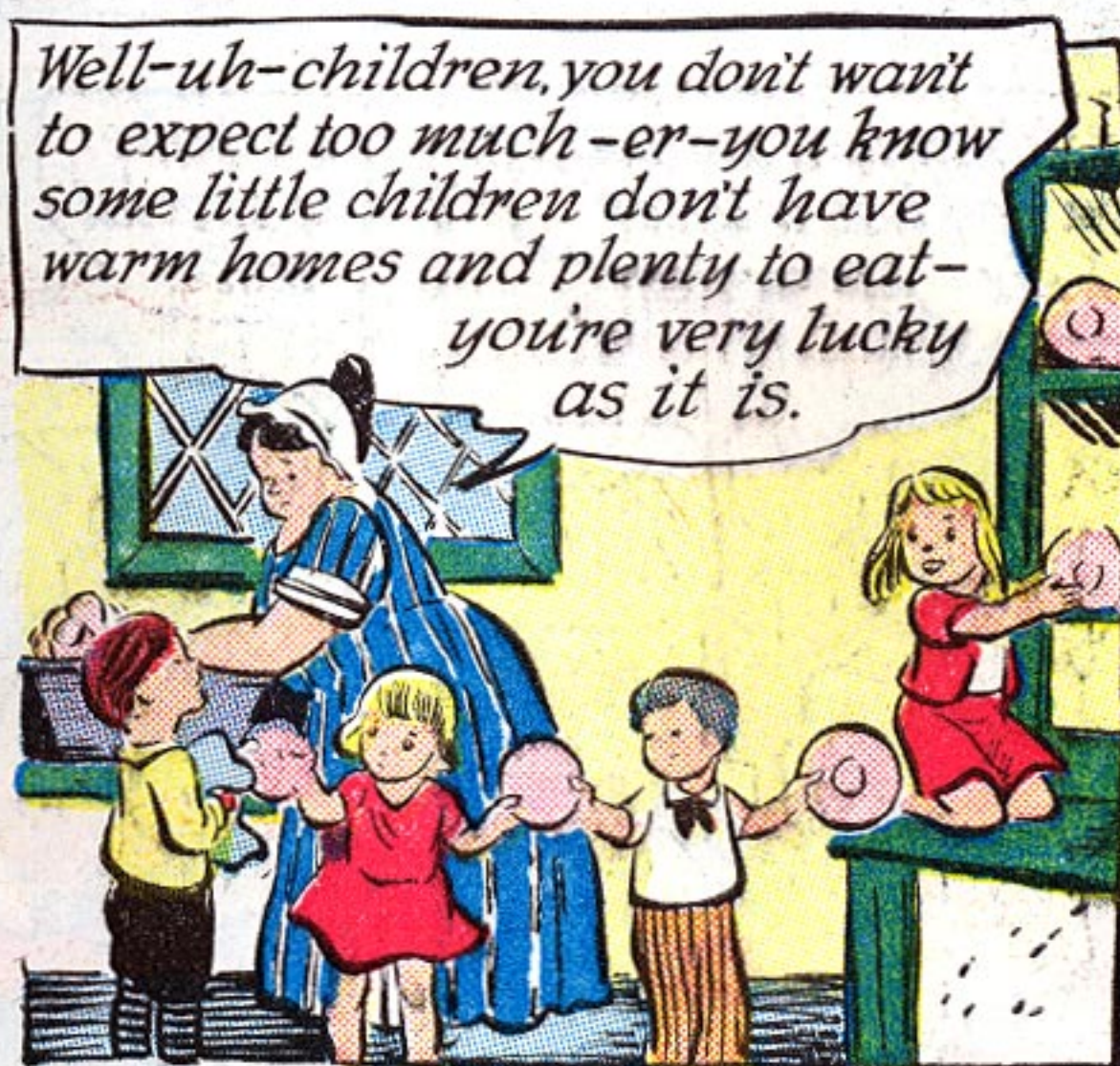


Now Wiggins and I
will get started on
our part.

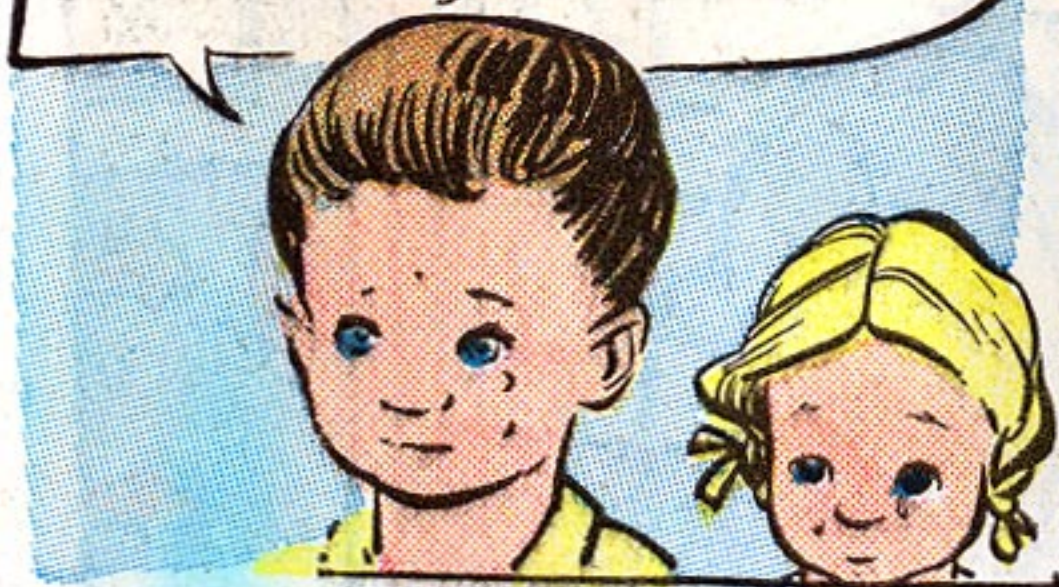




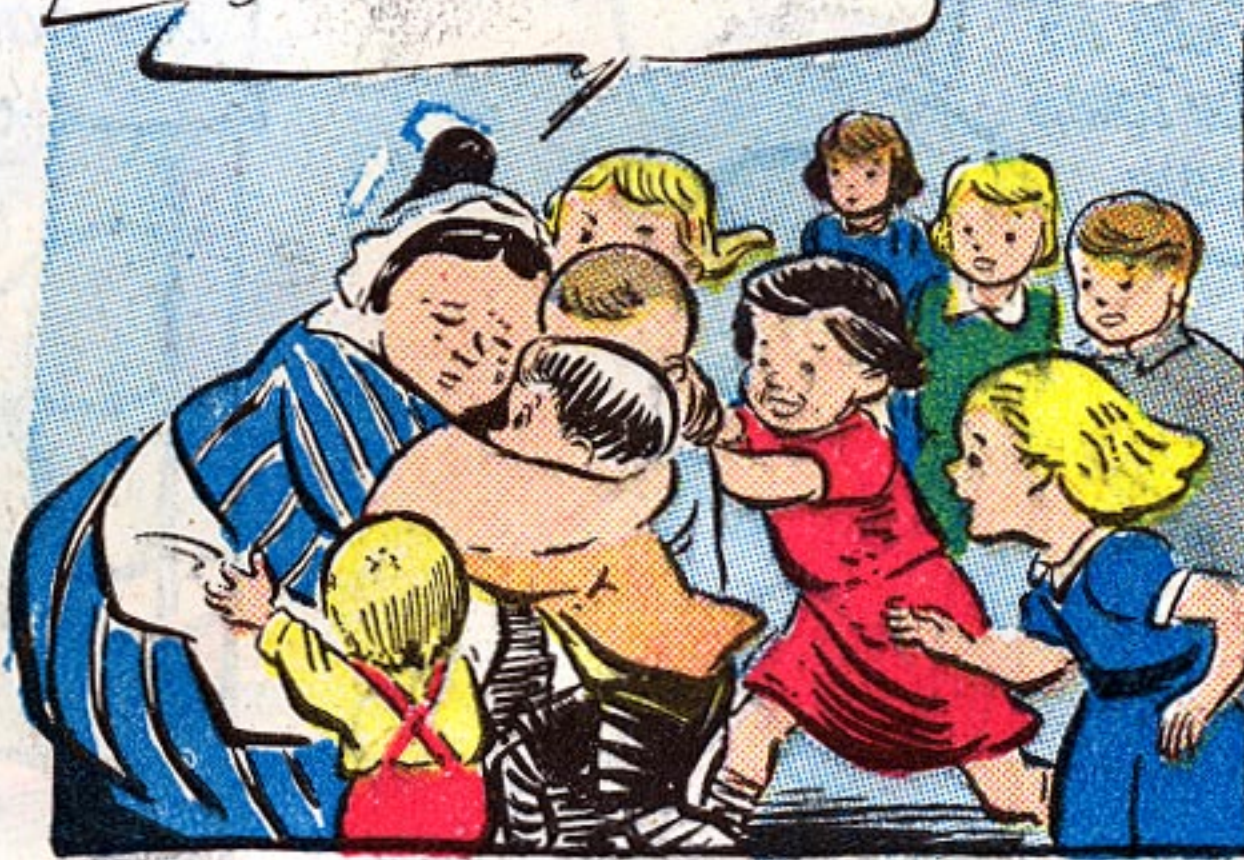
At the shoe house ~ Christmas Eve.



Aw, we know how things are, mother—we're just going to hang up our stockings in case Santa has something left when he passes by...we're just sorry we won't have a present for you, either.



A big hug from each of you is all I want—you're the best Christmas gifts in the world.





Merry Christmas, folks!

Santa Claus!

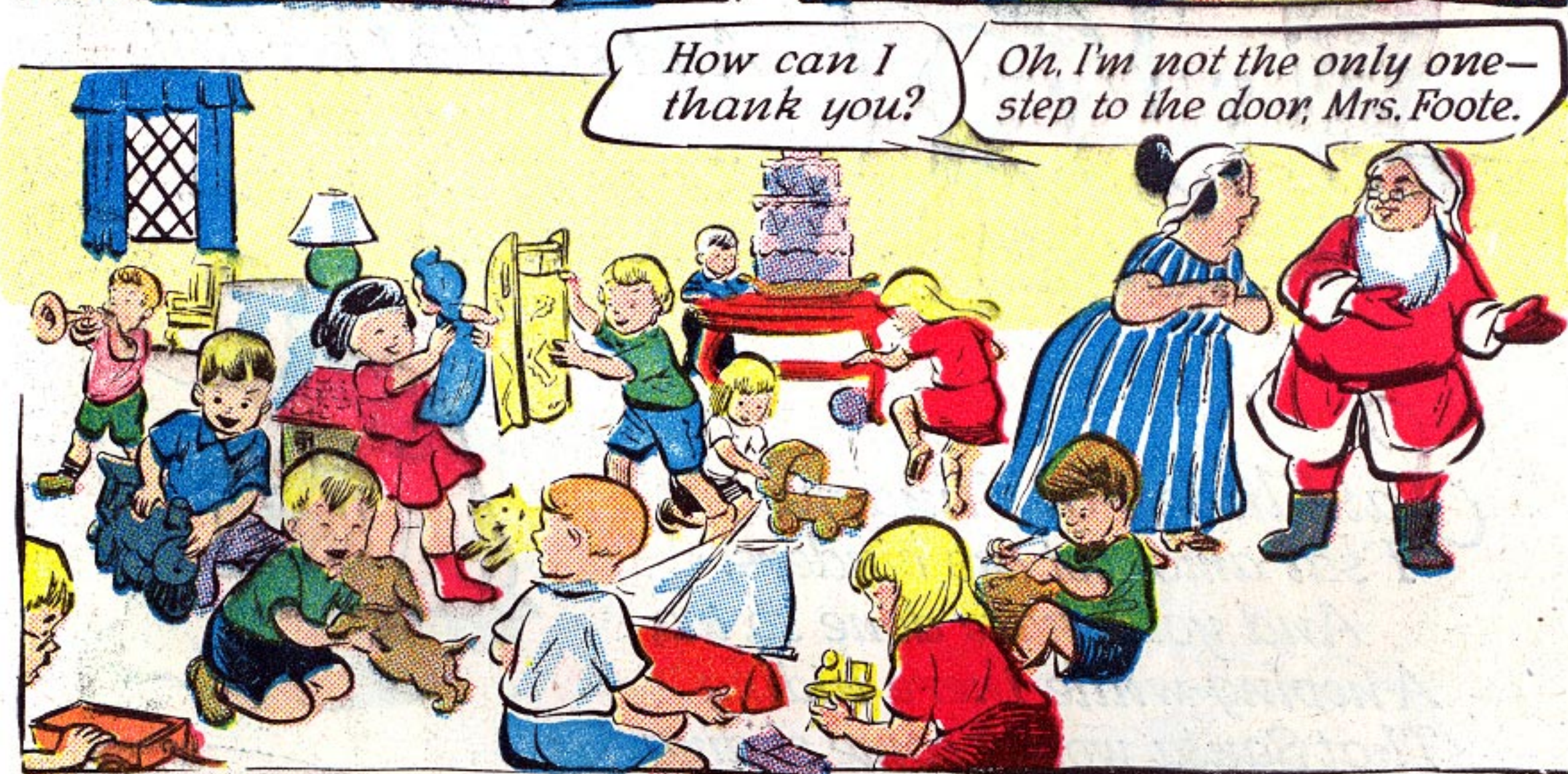


Why—uh—this is certainly a surprise!

Ho, Santa, you beard's on crooked!

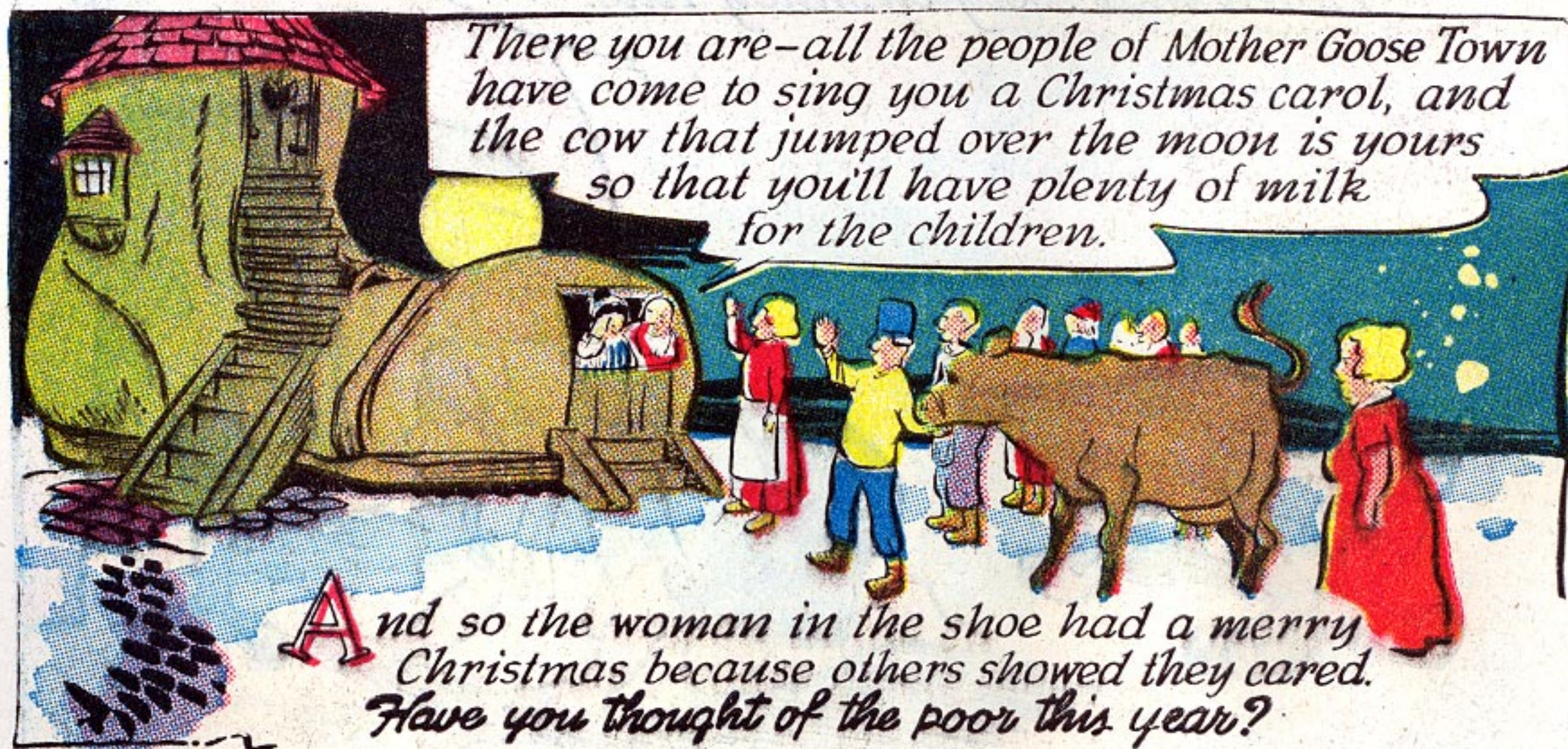
It's Mr. Nicholas!

Ha! Caught!



How can I thank you?

Oh, I'm not the only one—step to the door, Mrs. Foote.



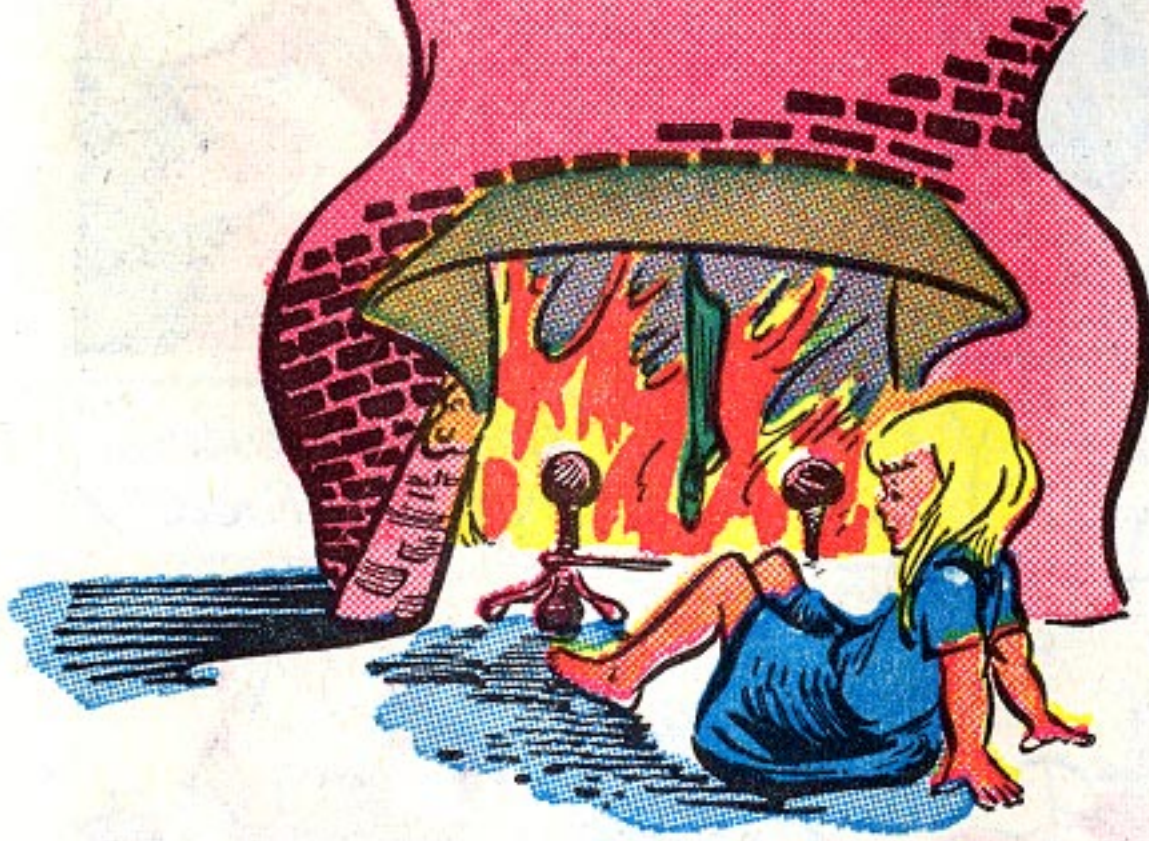
There you are—all the people of Mother Goose Town have come to sing you a Christmas carol, and the cow that jumped over the moon is yours so that you'll have plenty of milk for the children.

And so the woman in the shoe had a merry Christmas because others showed they cared. Have you thought of the poor this year?

POLLY FLINDERS



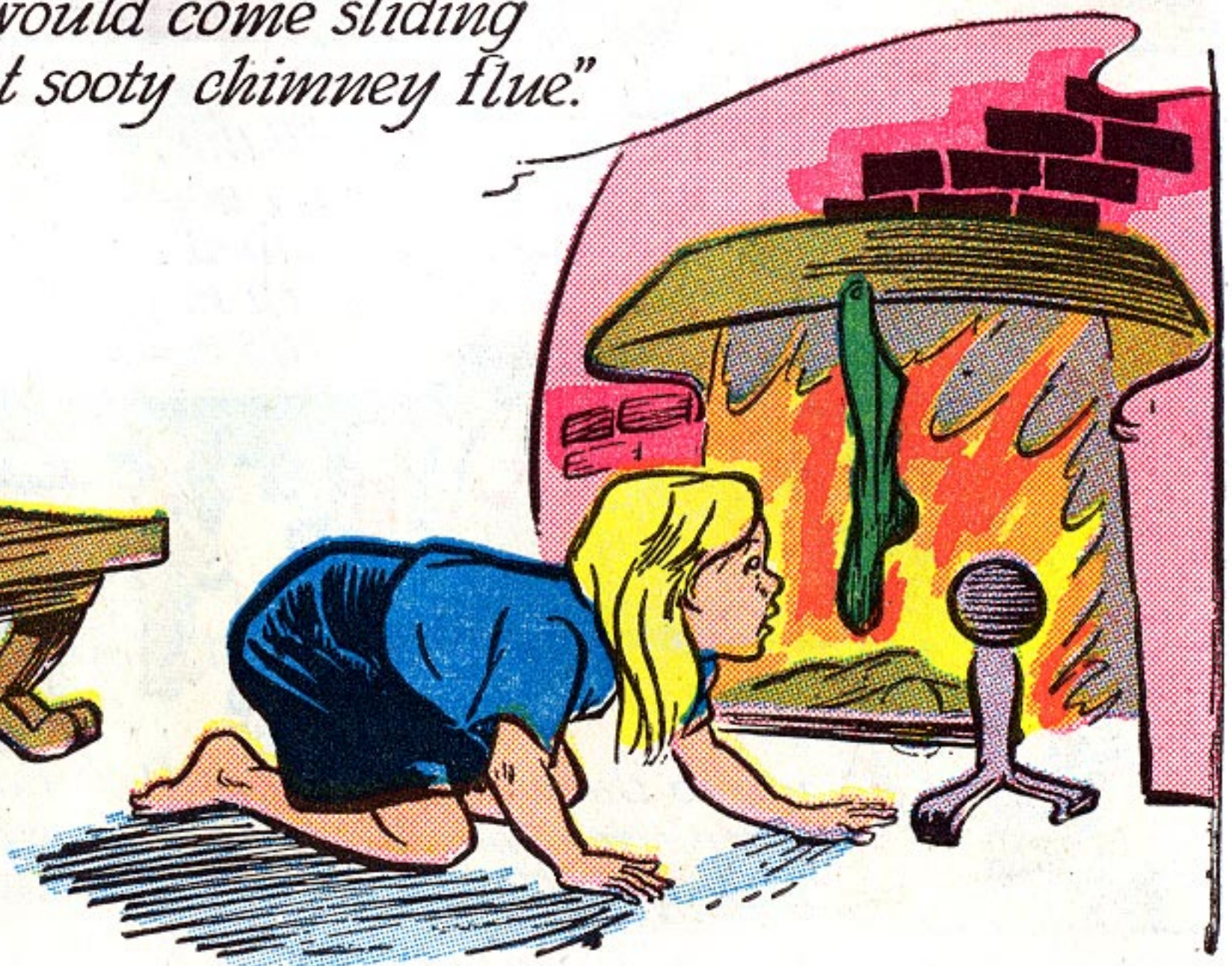
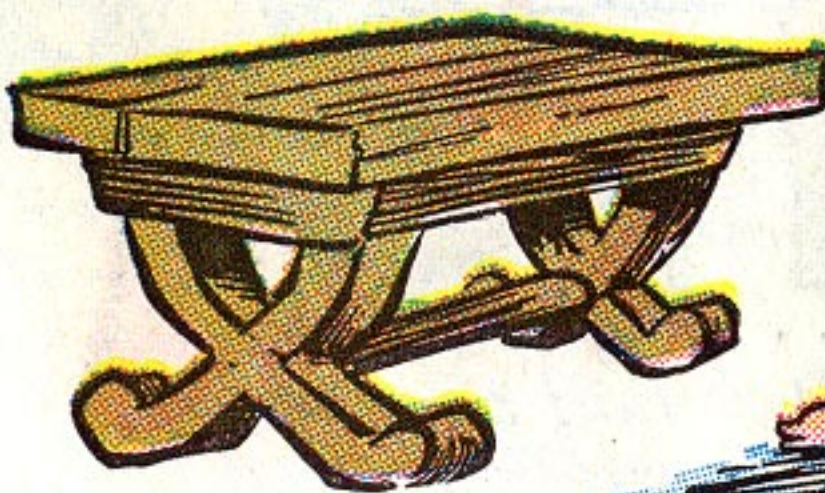
*Little Polly Flinders
Sat amongst the cinders
Warming her pretty little toes!*



*Her mother came and
caught her
And spanked her little
daughter
For spoiling her nice,
new clothes.*



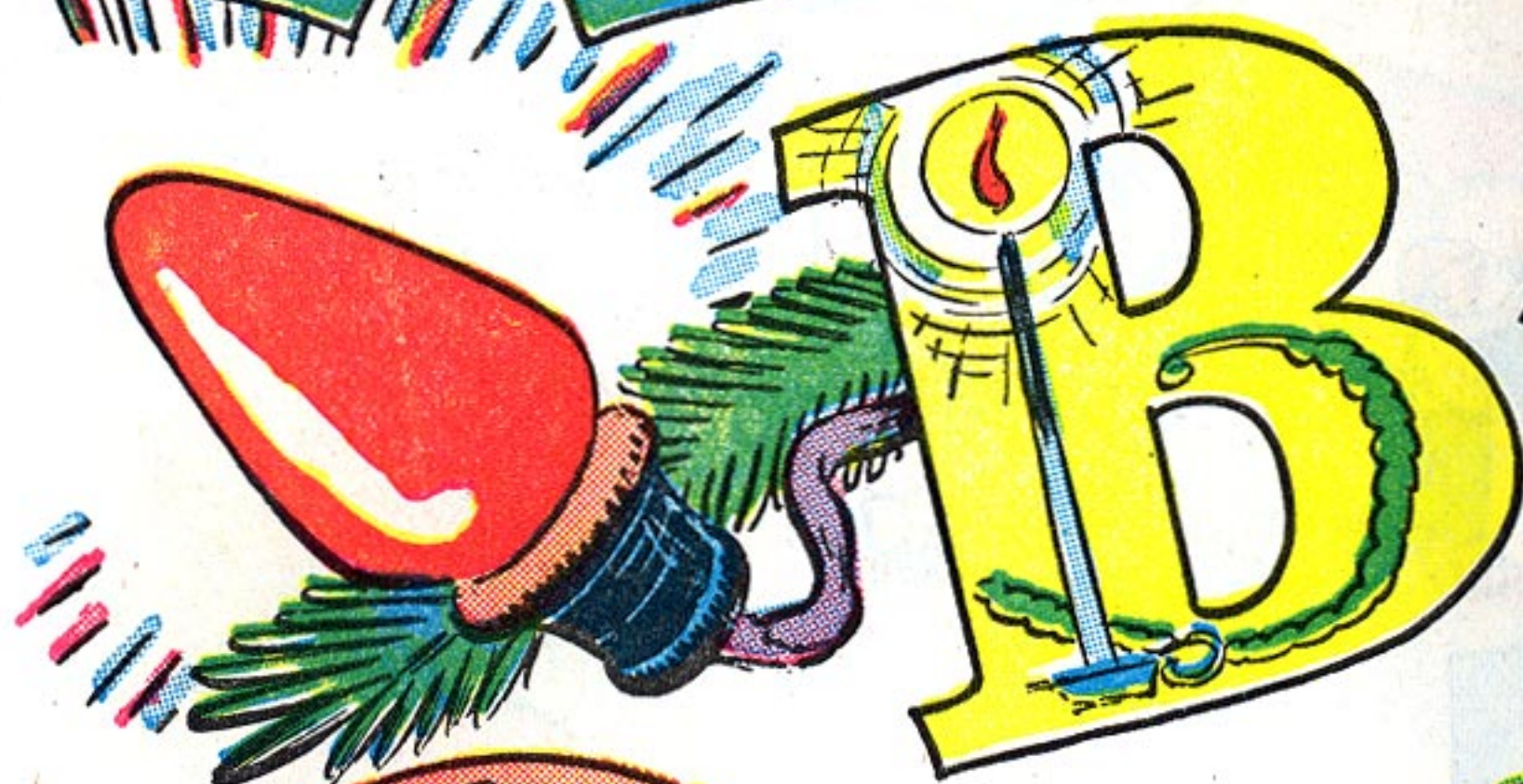
*Said little Pol Flinders,
"I sat amongst the cinders,
And you'd have done so, too,
A-hoping while there hiding
That Santa would come sliding
Down that sooty chimney flue."*



A Christmas Alphabet



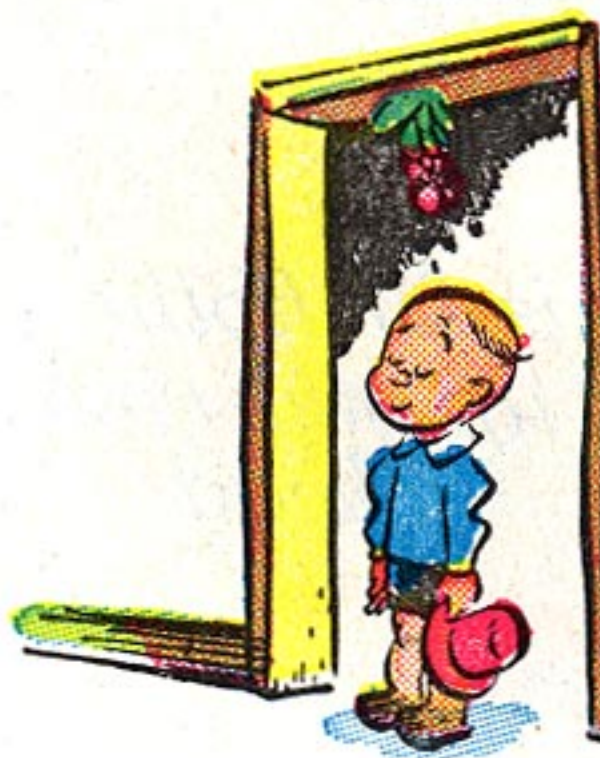
is for Apple to hang on the tree.




*is for Bulb,
as bright
as can be.*



is for Carol so happily sung.



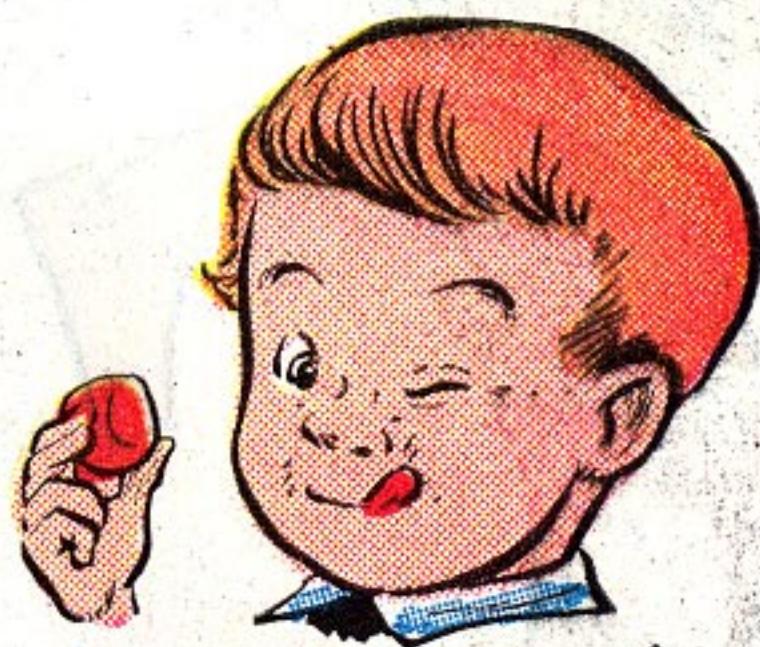

*is for Door
with mistletoe
hung.*



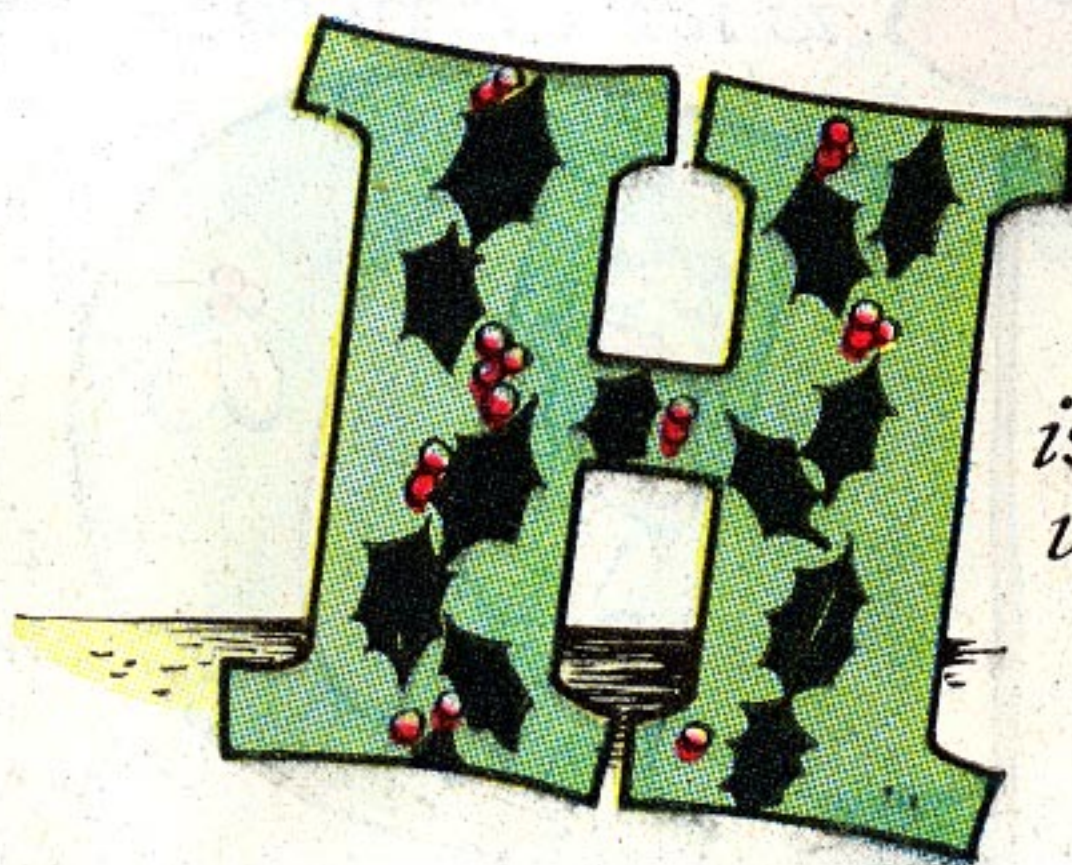
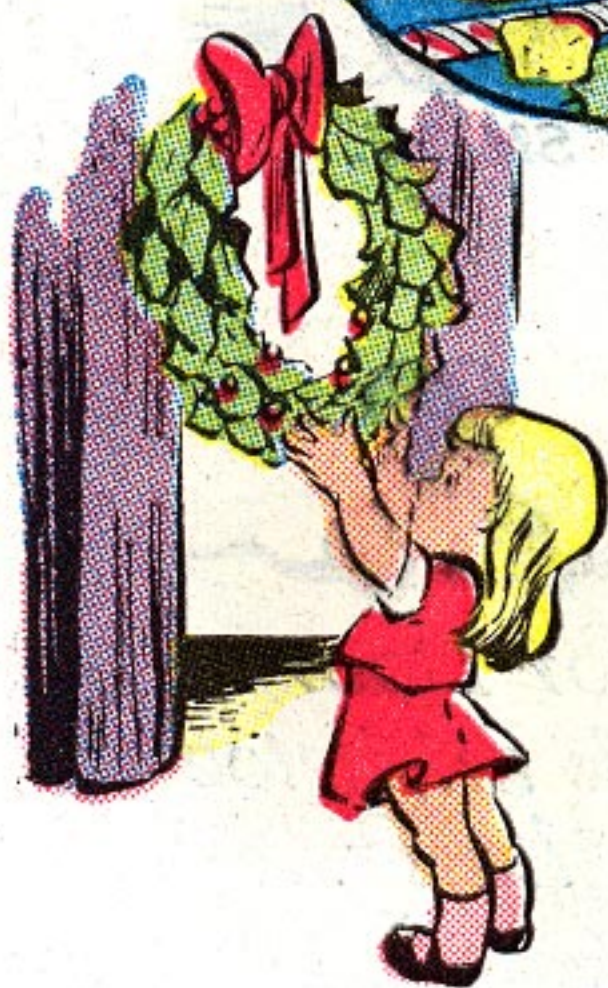
is for Evergreens all round about.



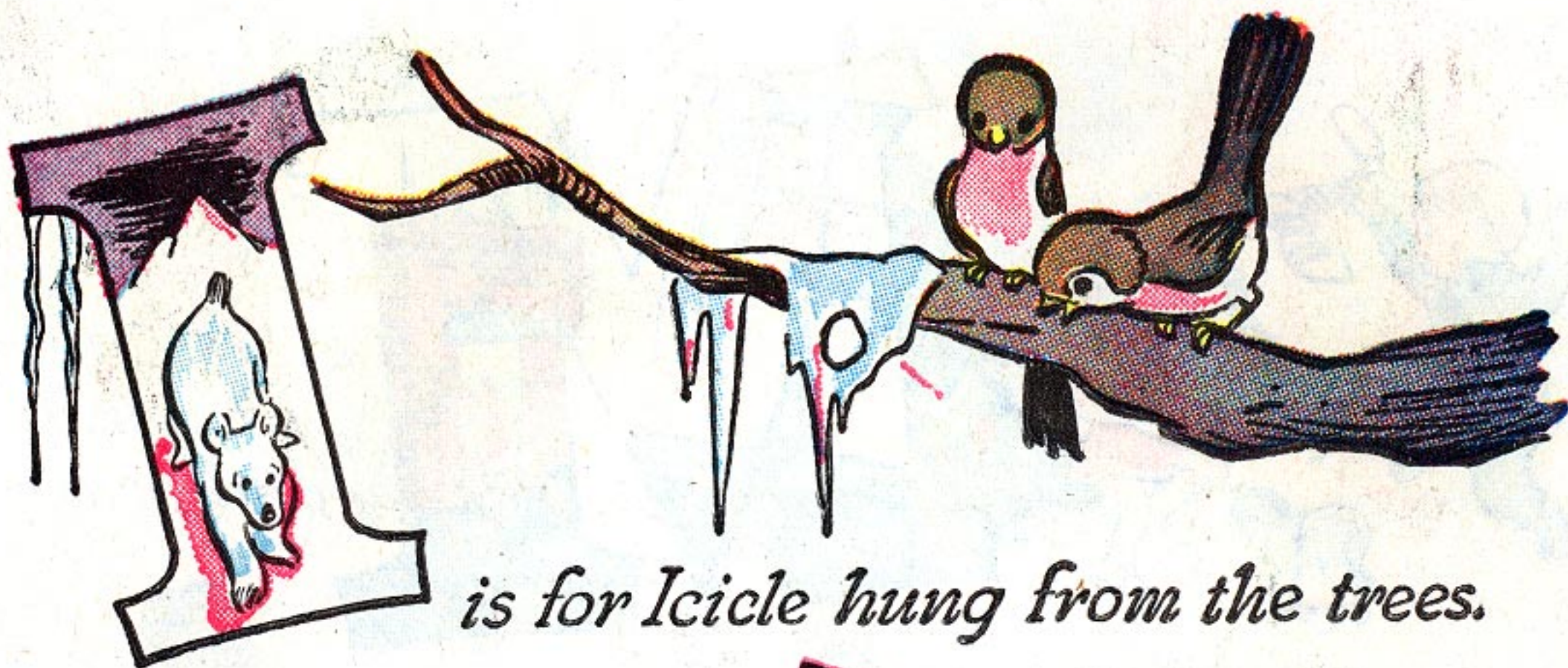
*is for Fir, so
fine and
stout.*



is for Gumdrops, chewy and red.



*is for Holly
up over your
head.*



is for Icicle hung from the trees.



*is for Jolly
songs that
please.*



for the King born on this day.



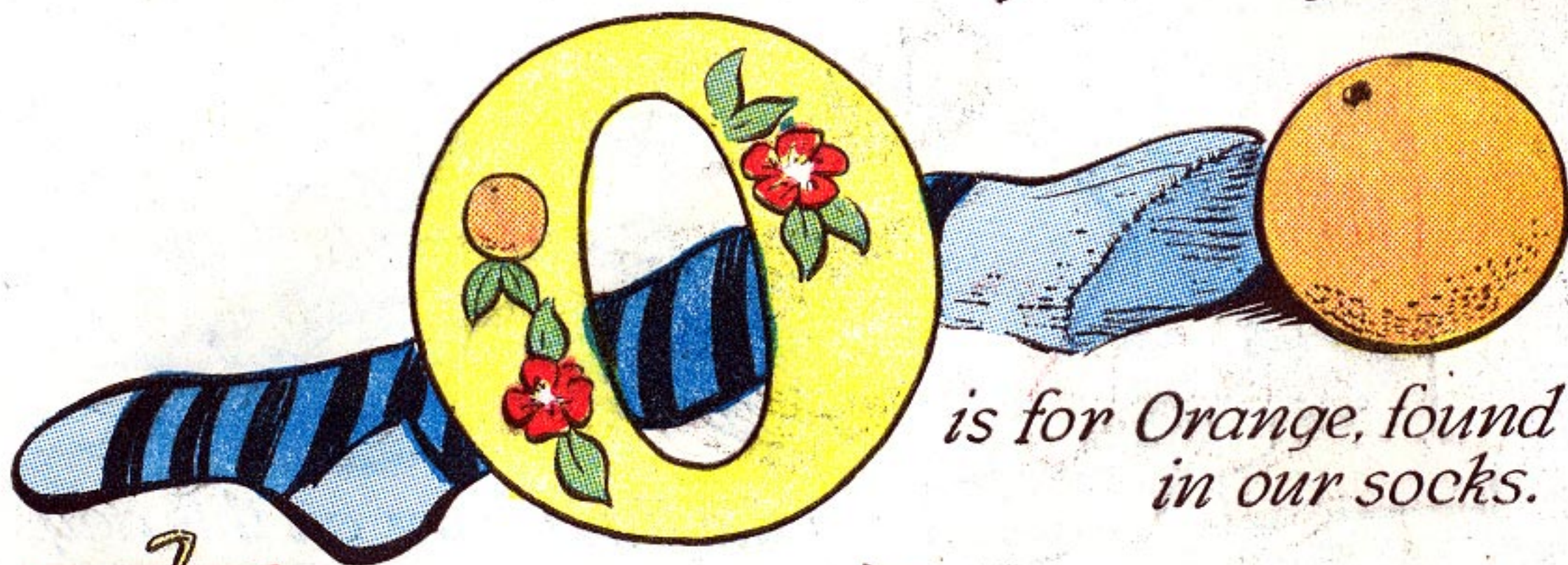
*is for Laughter,
happy and gay.*



*is for Morning,
so merry
and bright.*



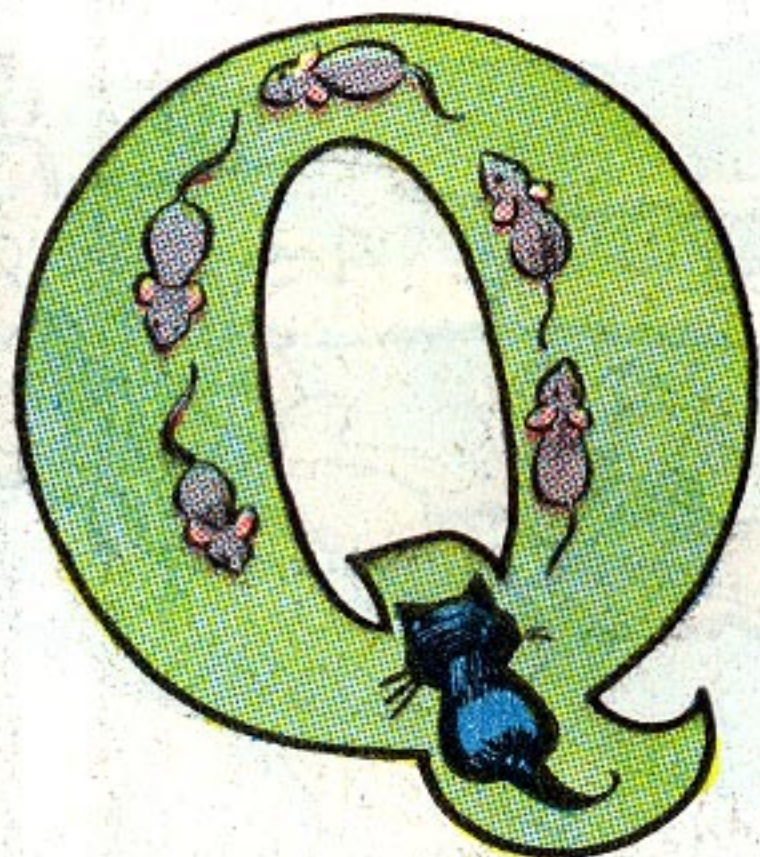
is for Noel, sung in the night.



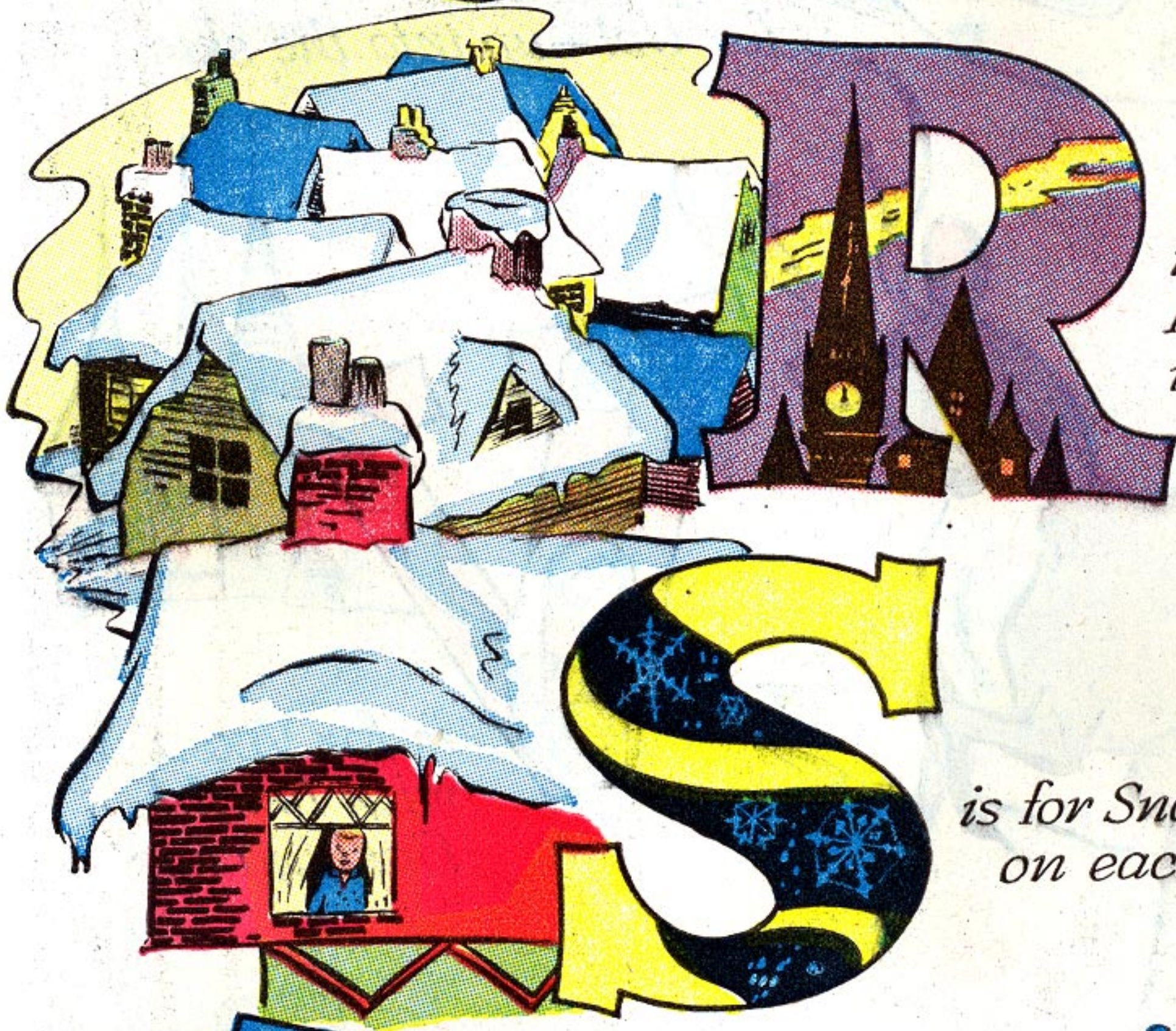
*is for Orange, found
in our socks.*



*is for Pop!
by a jack-
in-the-box.*



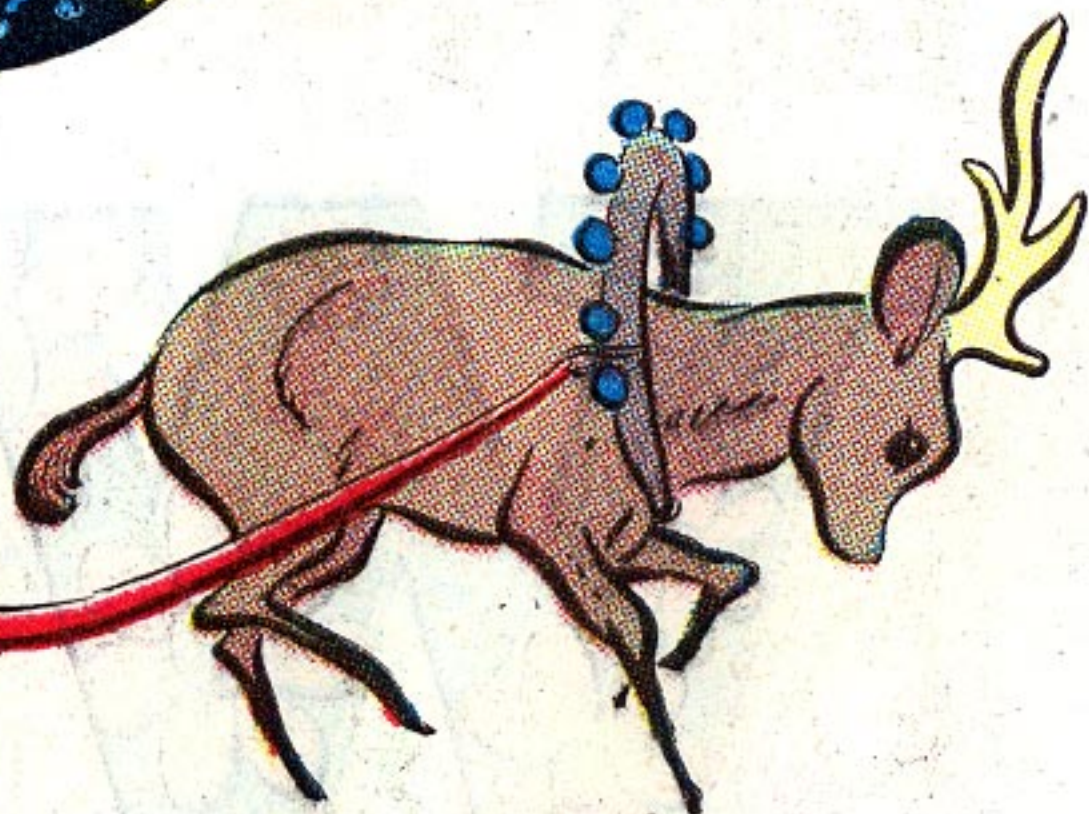
is for Quiet—just like a mouse.



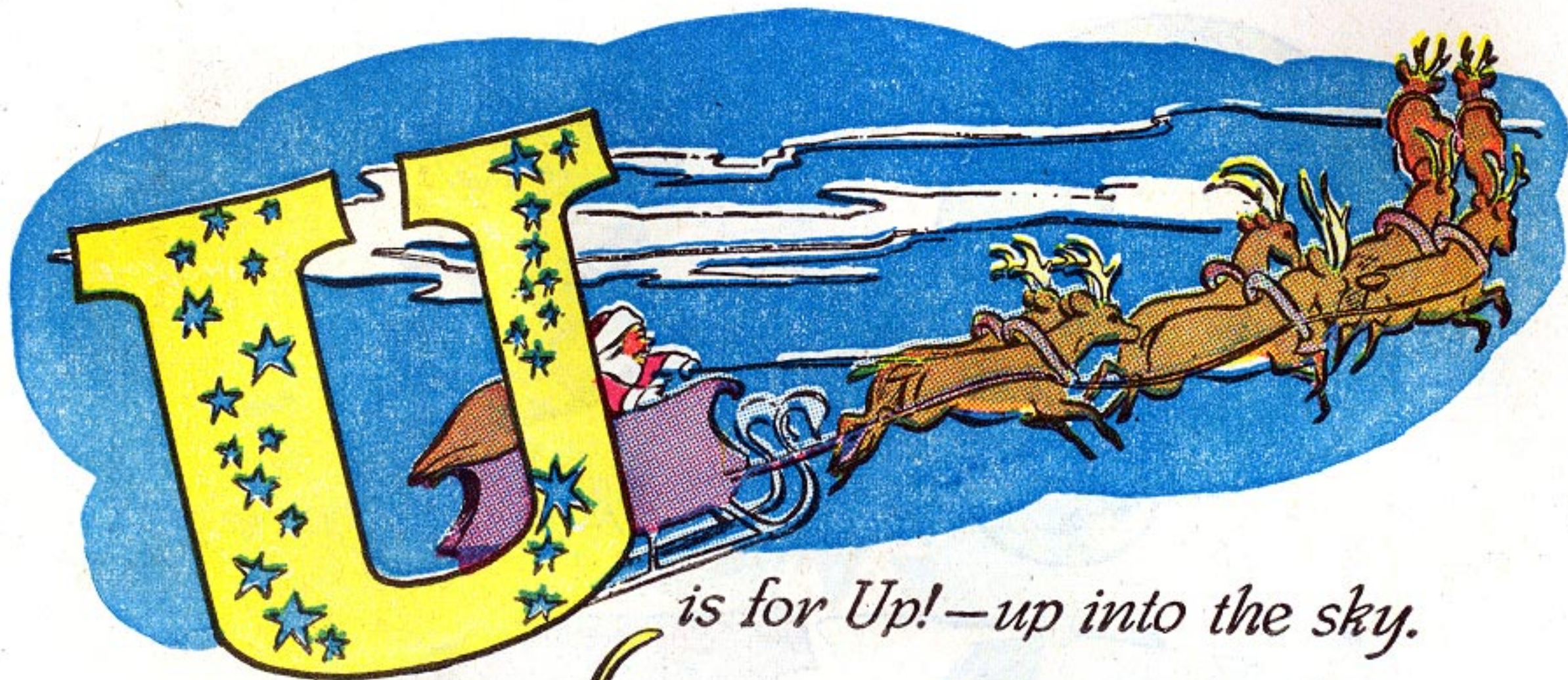
*is for
Rooftops
up over
each
house.*



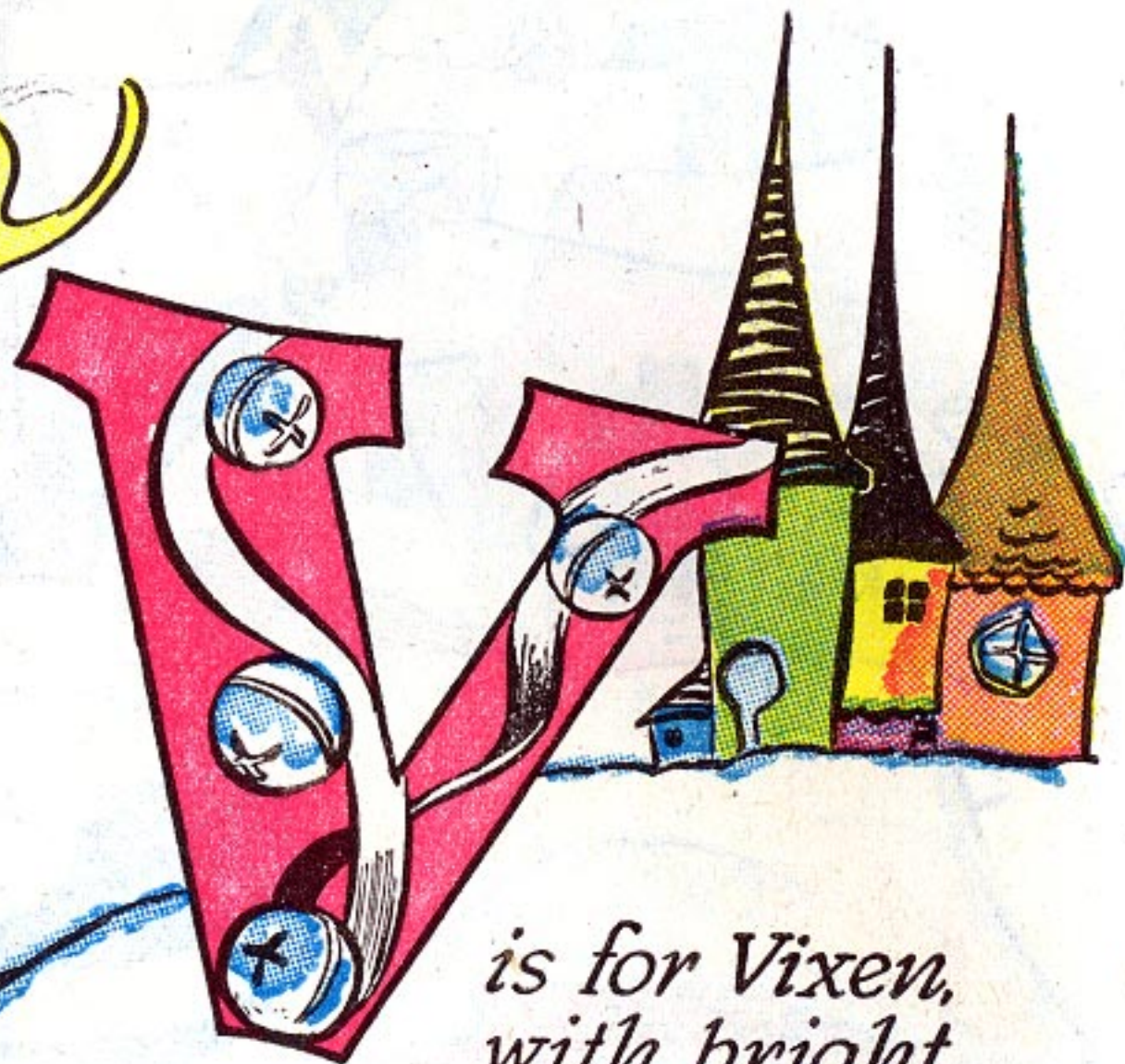
*is for Snow, thick
on each roof.*



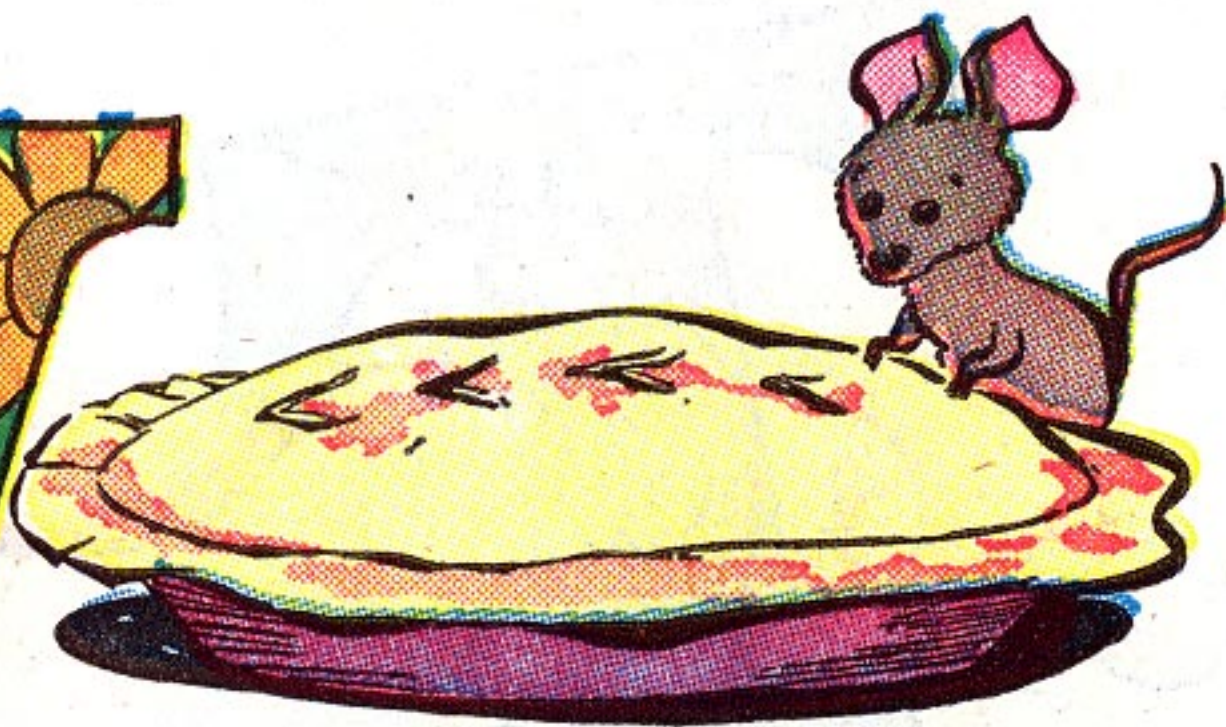
is for Tap of each tiny hoof.



is for Up!—up into the sky.



*is for Vixen,
with bright
flashing eye.*



is Wonderful—something like pie.



is for Xmas, the short spelling way.



*is for You. may your
Christmas be gay.*



is for-uh-what can Z be for?

Deck the Halls



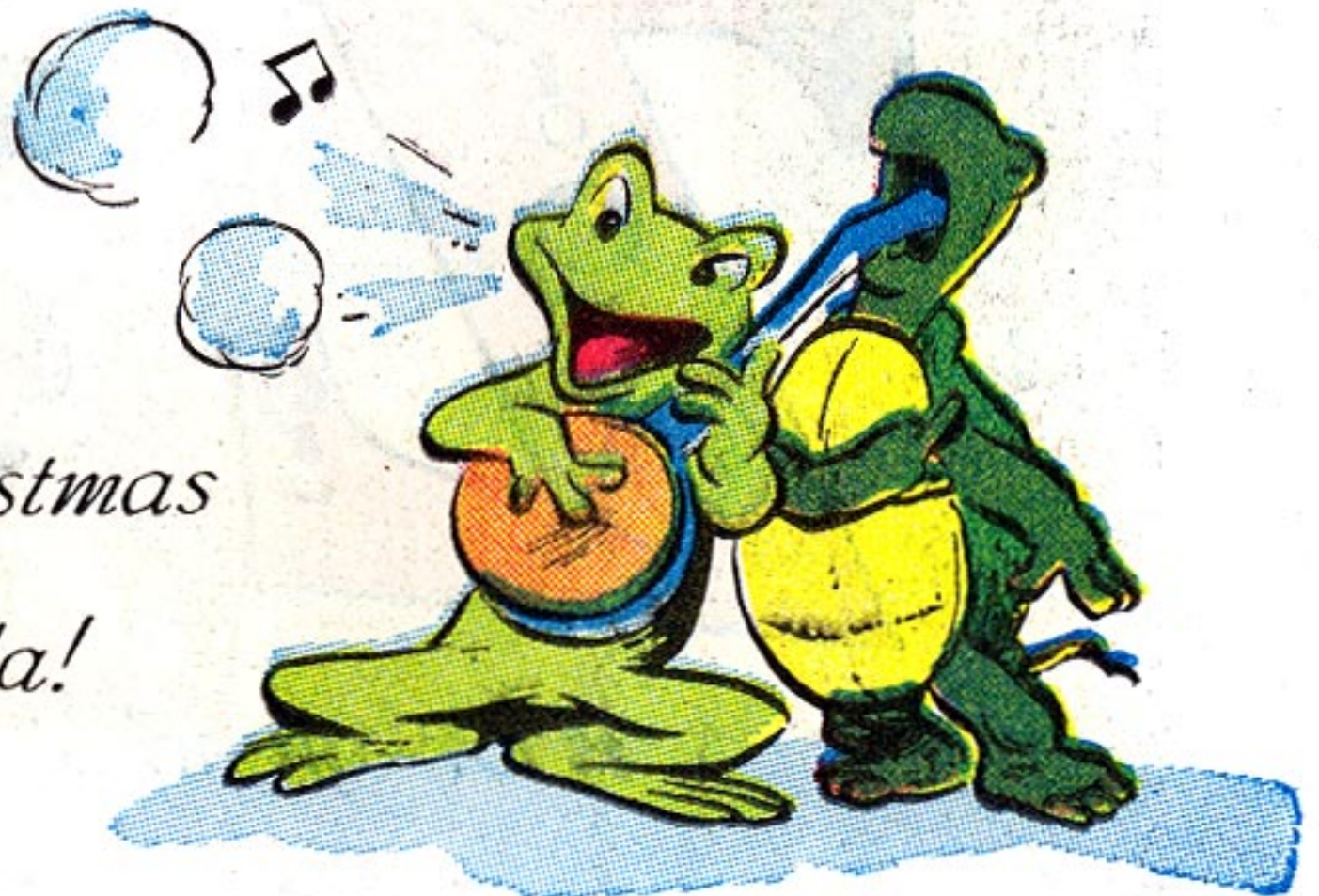
Deck the halls with
boughs of holly,
Fa la la la la, la la, la, la!

'Tis the season to be jolly,
Fa la la la la, la la, la, la!



Don we now our gay apparel,
Fa la la, la la la, la, la, la!

Troll the ancient Christmas
carol,
Fa la la la la, la la, la, la!



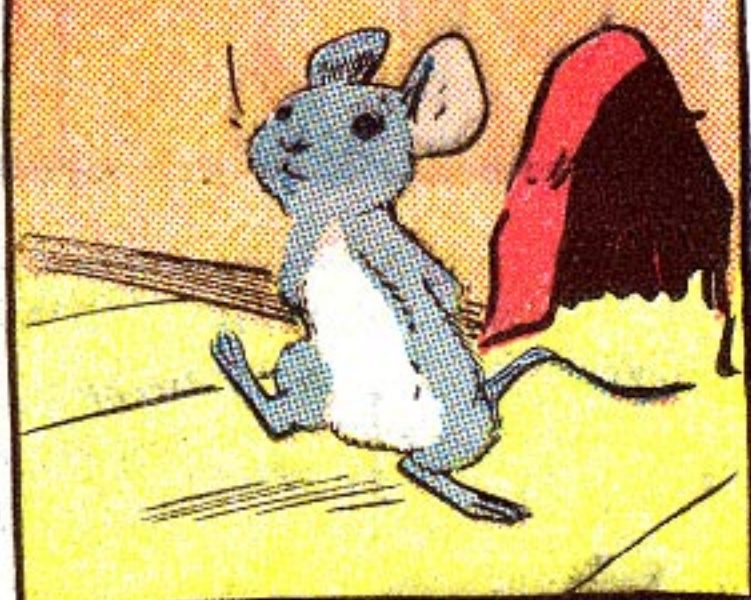
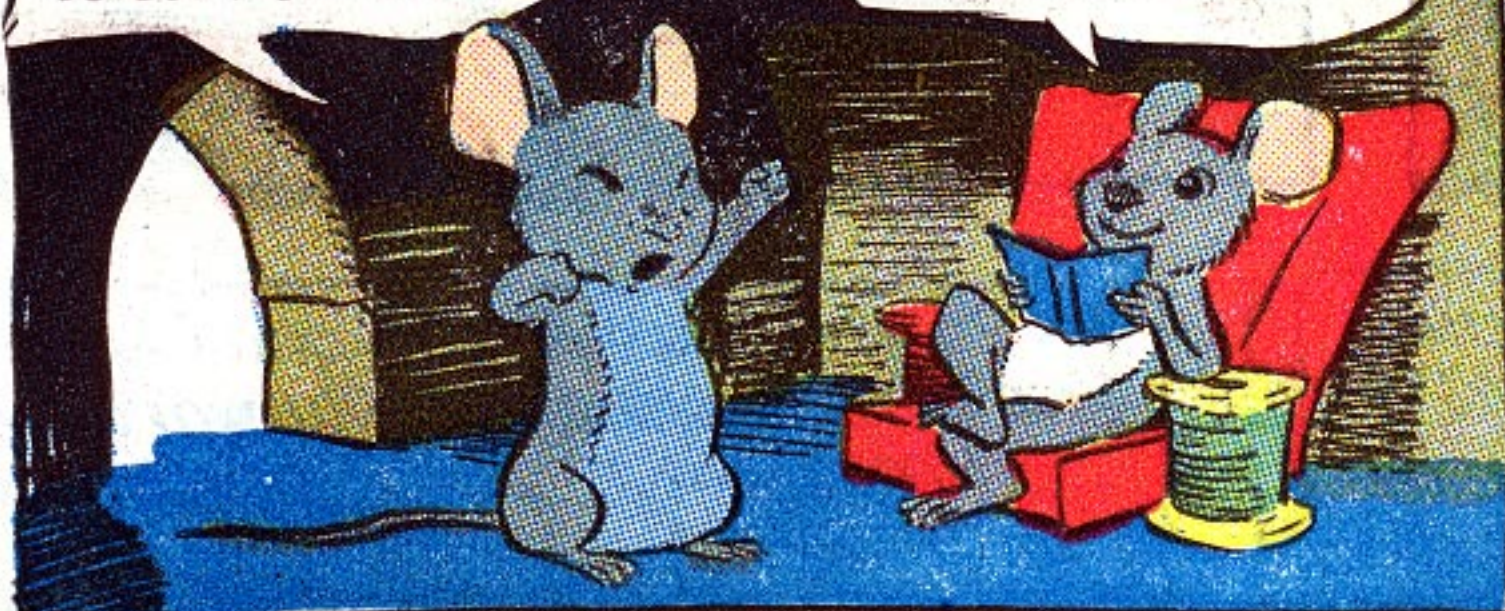
Hickory and Dickory

HELP SANTA CLAUS

Ho hum—time for bed, I guess—think I'll go run up the clock and hear it strike one.

Hurry back, Hickory, and we'll have a cheese sandwich before bed.

All right, Dickory—hum-te-tum...



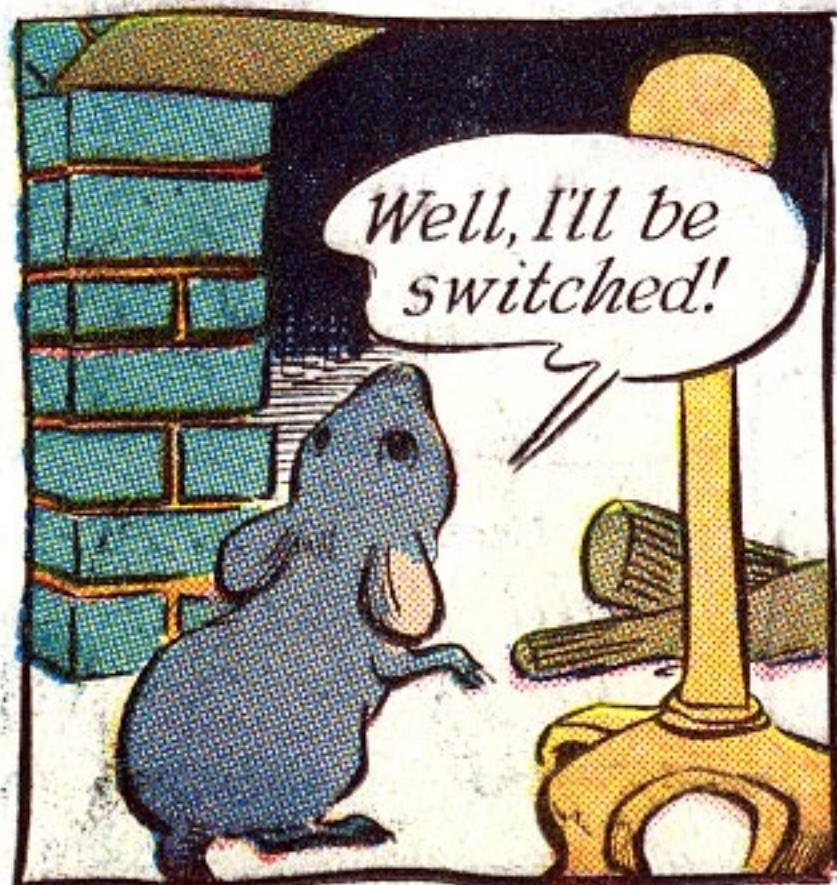
Here's the clock—I always like to see if I can run up and down before it strikes one.



Say—there's a funny noise coming out of the fireplace!



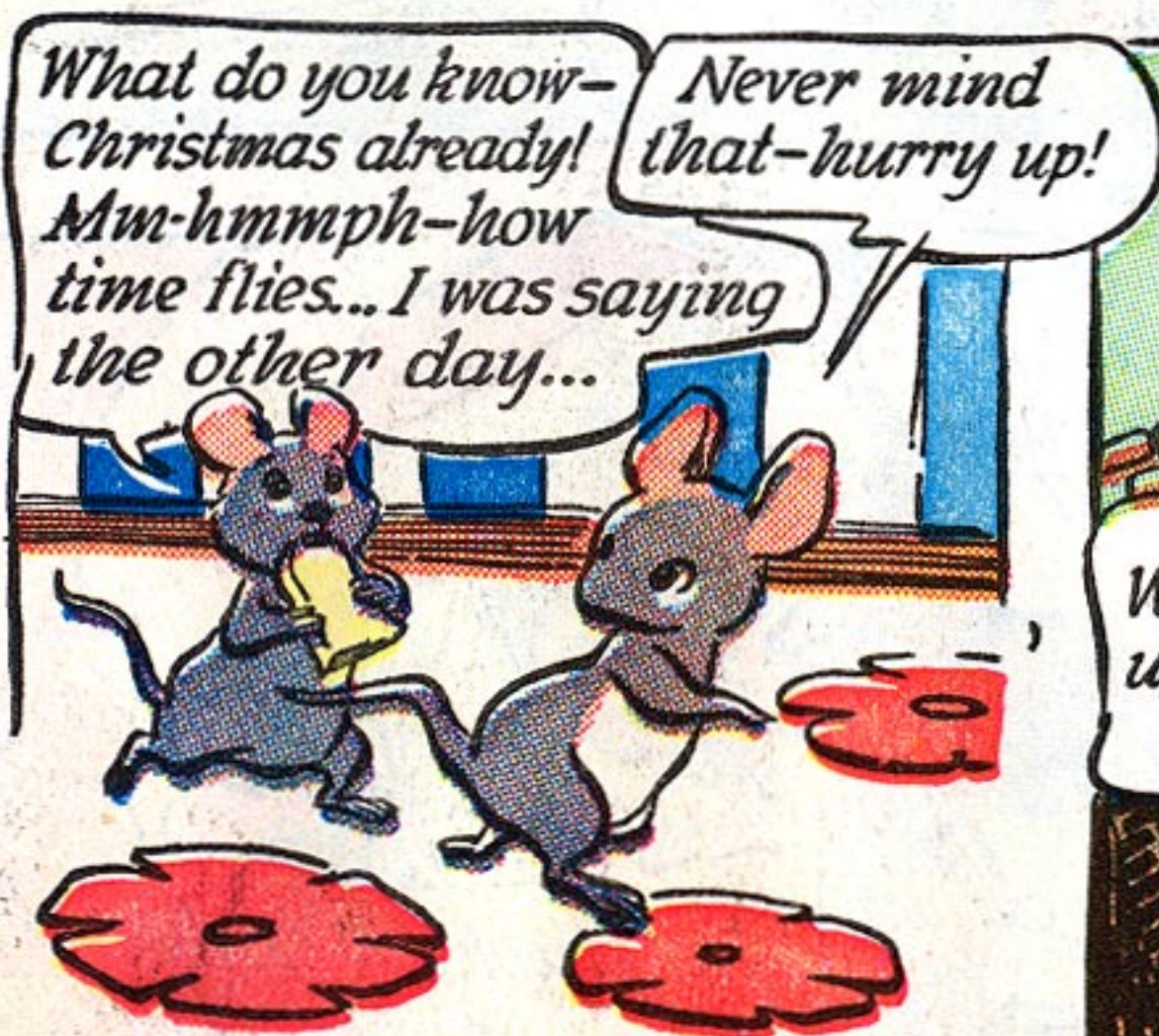
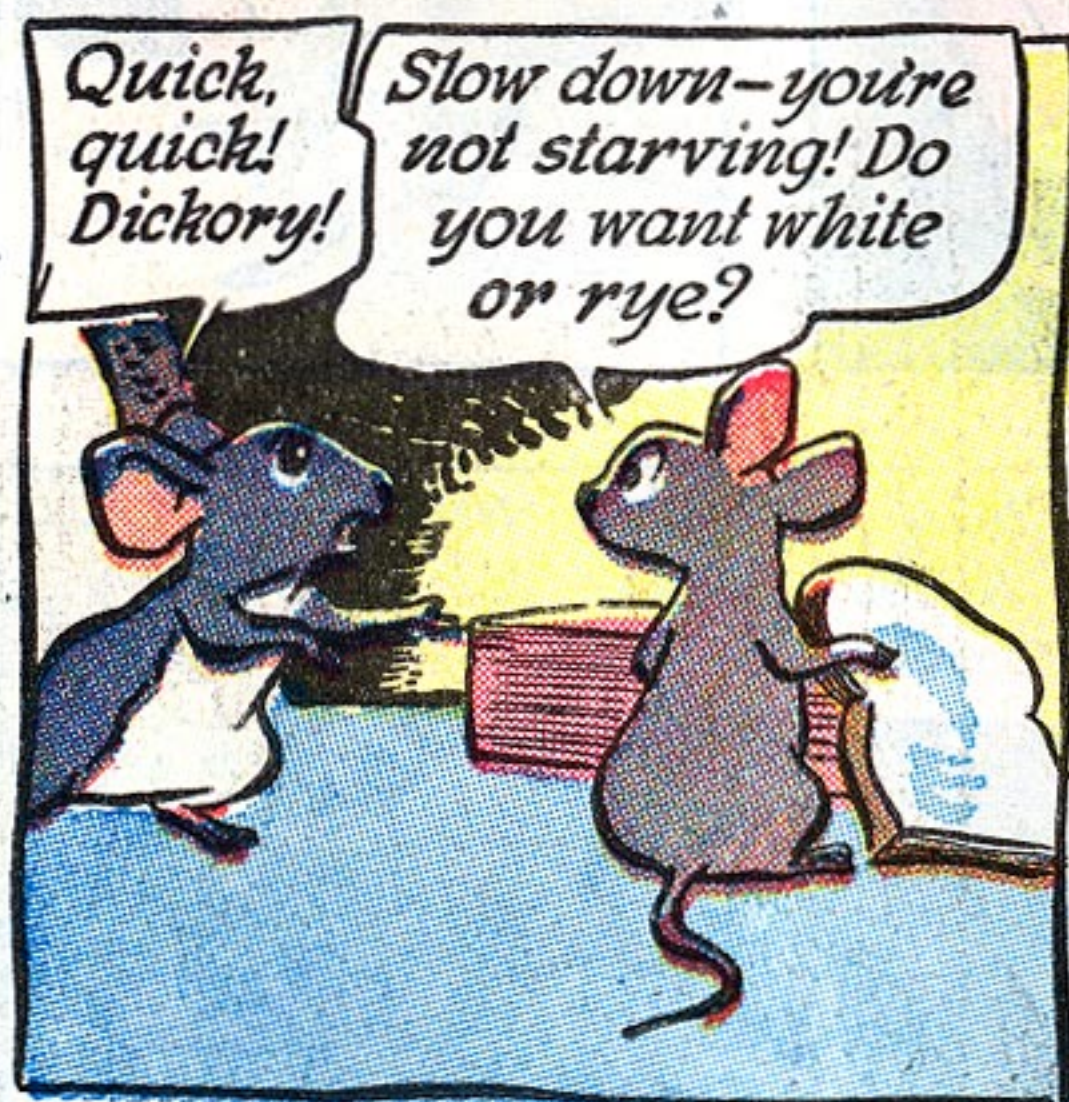
Well, I'll be switched!

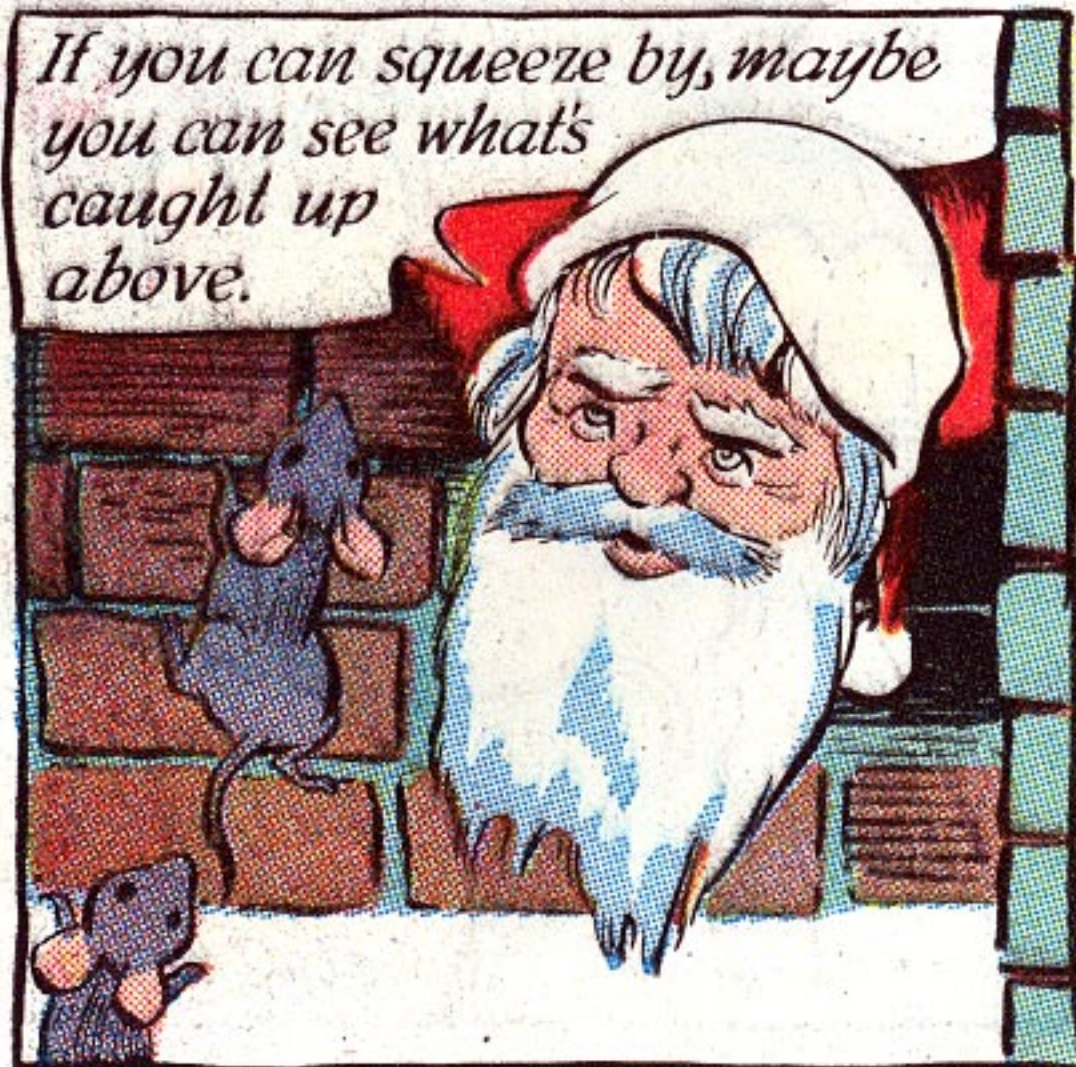


Santa Claus! Why are you staying up there?

I'm stuck!







If you can squeeze by, maybe you can see what's caught up above.



Hee hee—oop! Do you have to walk across my ribs?



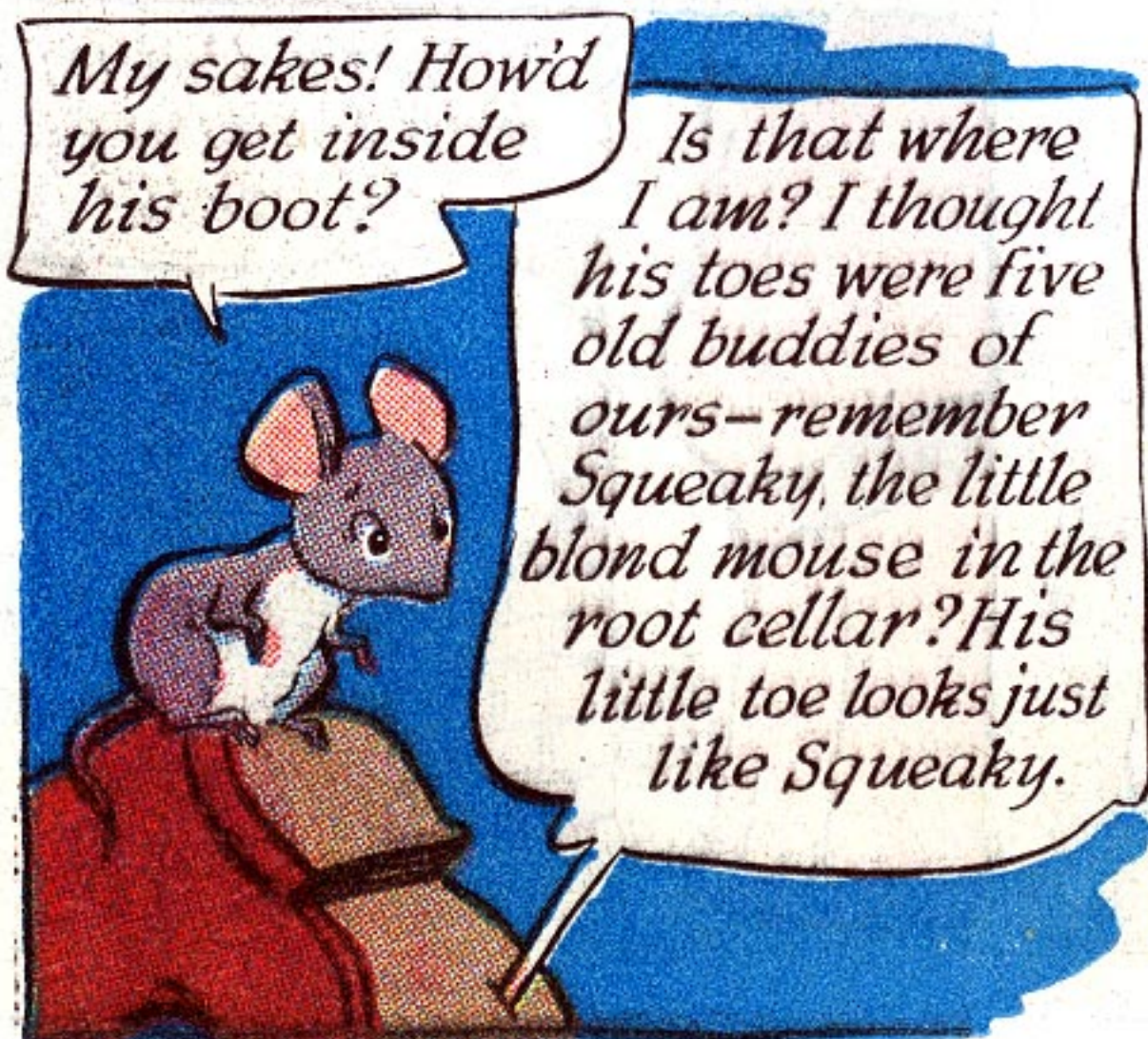
Whoof! I'm through—where's Dickory!

Over here.



Over where?

Here—and it's pretty dark.



My sakes! How'd you get inside his boot?

Is that where I am? I thought his toes were five old buddies of ours—remember Squeaky, the little blond mouse in the root cellar? His little toe looks just like Squeaky.

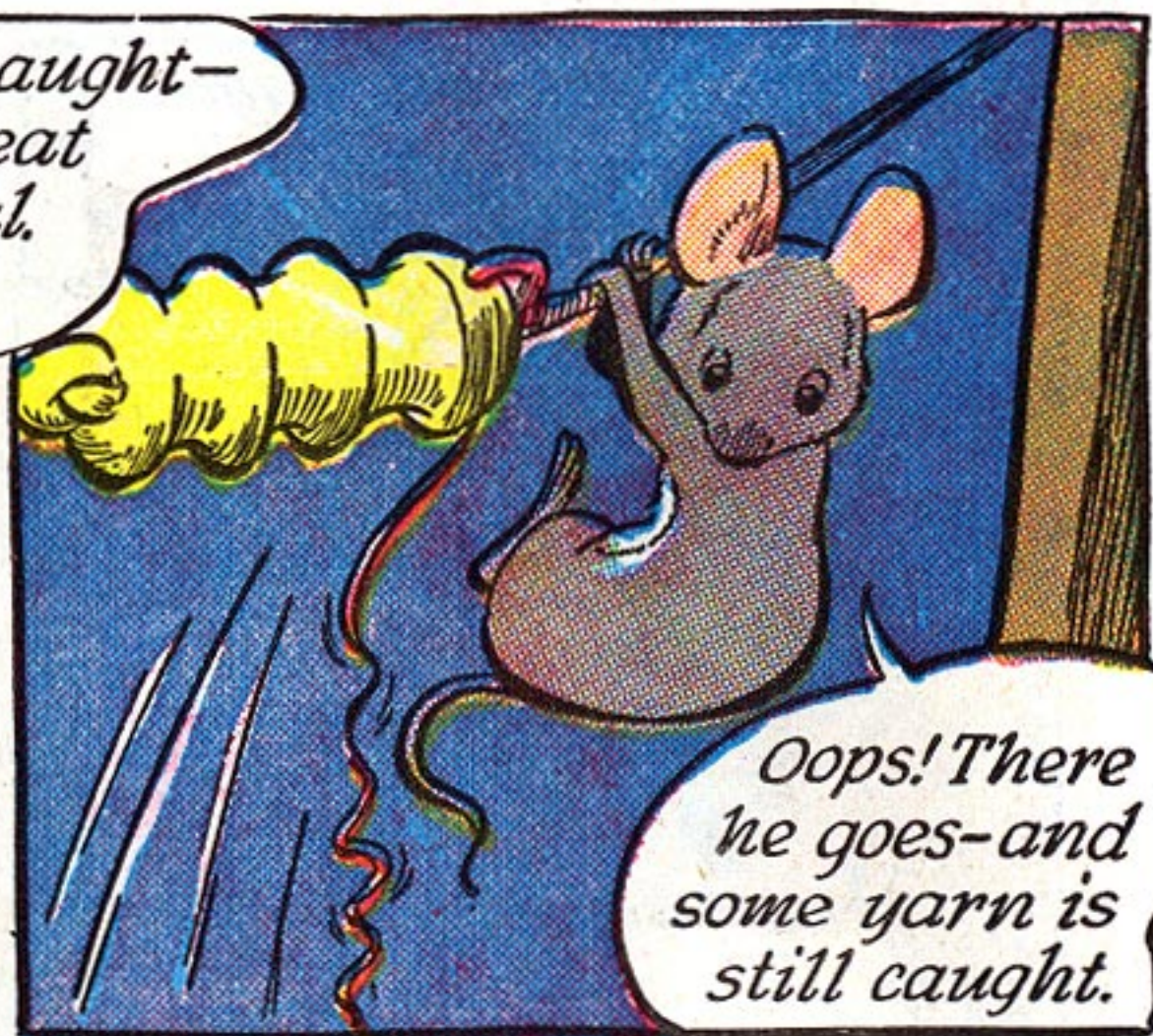


Aw, you're no help.

I took the wrong turn-off, oomp—I'll crawl back...



*Here's what caught—
his trouser seat
on the aerial.*



*Oops! There
he goes—and
some yarn is
still caught.*



*Oof—well, at
least I got
down.*



*Wonder if
Dickory is still
in his boot?*

*Say, that
yarn is all
unraveled.*



*Those mice cut me
down all right, but
my legs feel
suspiciously cool.*



My trousers! They're gone!



*Hickory! Did you
and Dickory eat
my pants?*

*No, Santa, they're
all unraveled in
the chimney.*

Did we get down all right?

Dickory! That's where you were? Sure, we're down, but I've lost my trousers.

If this is your last stop, Santa, maybe we can do something with your bag.

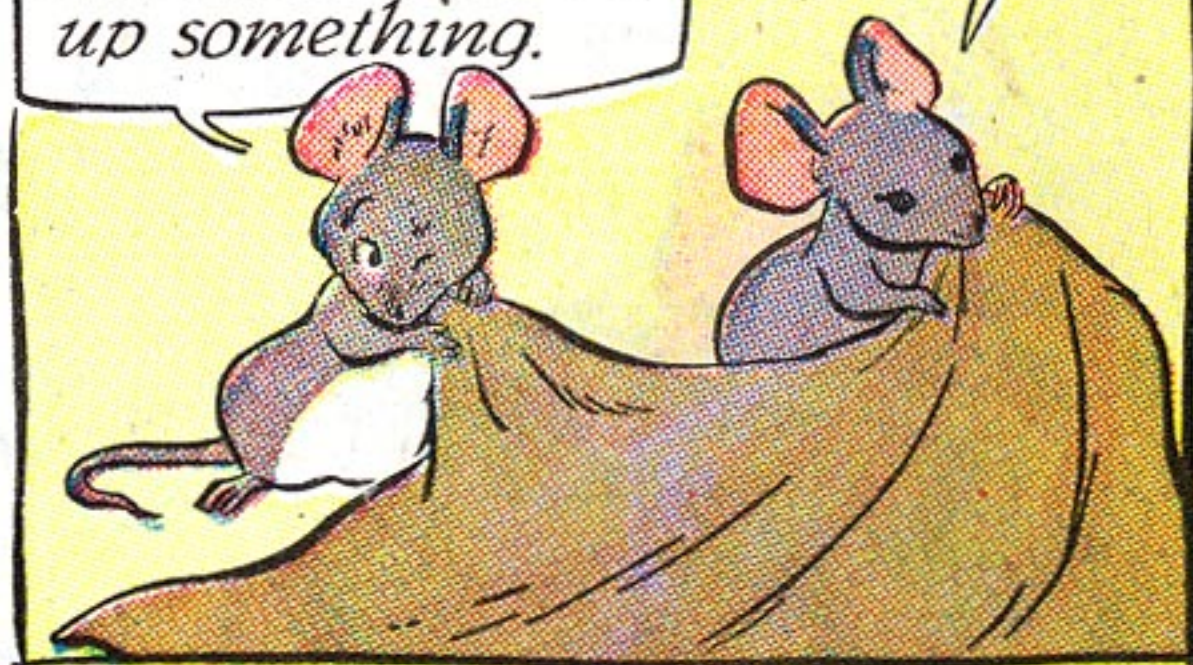


Yes, this is the last stop—which reminds me, I'd better get busy here.



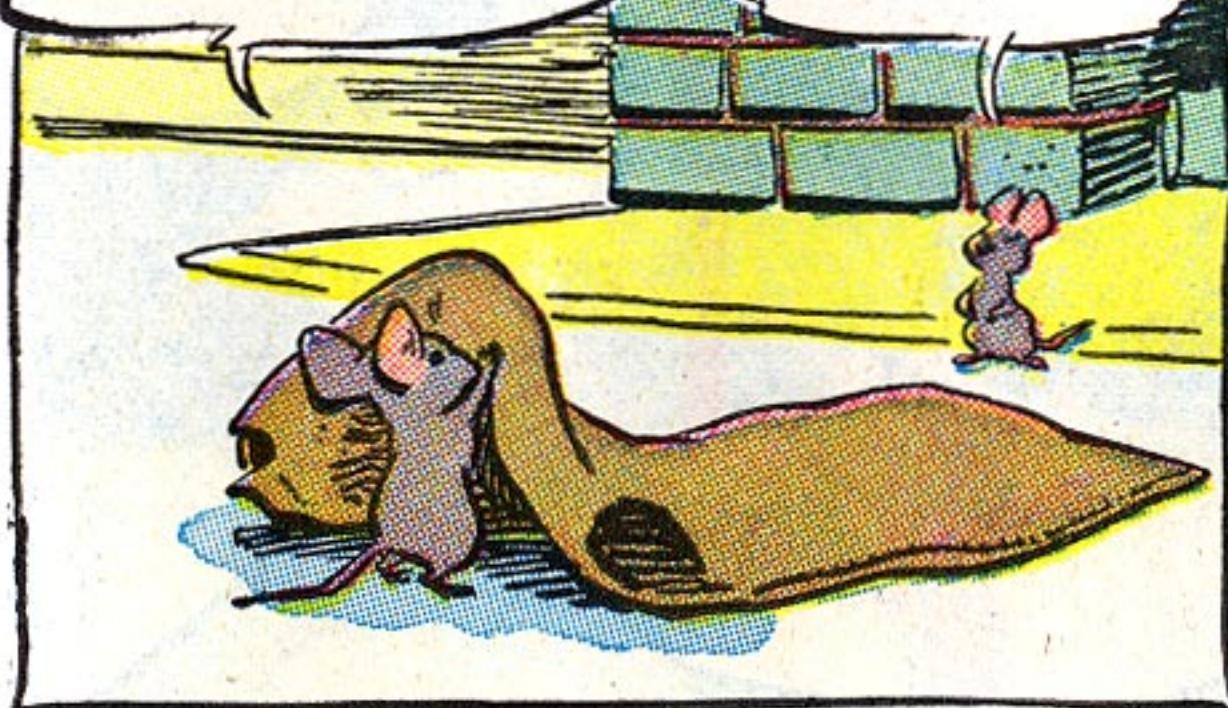
Gnaw a hole in that corner, Dickory—we used to live in a tailor shop and should have picked up something.

The only thing I picked up was a fear of pin cushions.



I'll hold this up on me to get an idea of how it looks—how is it?

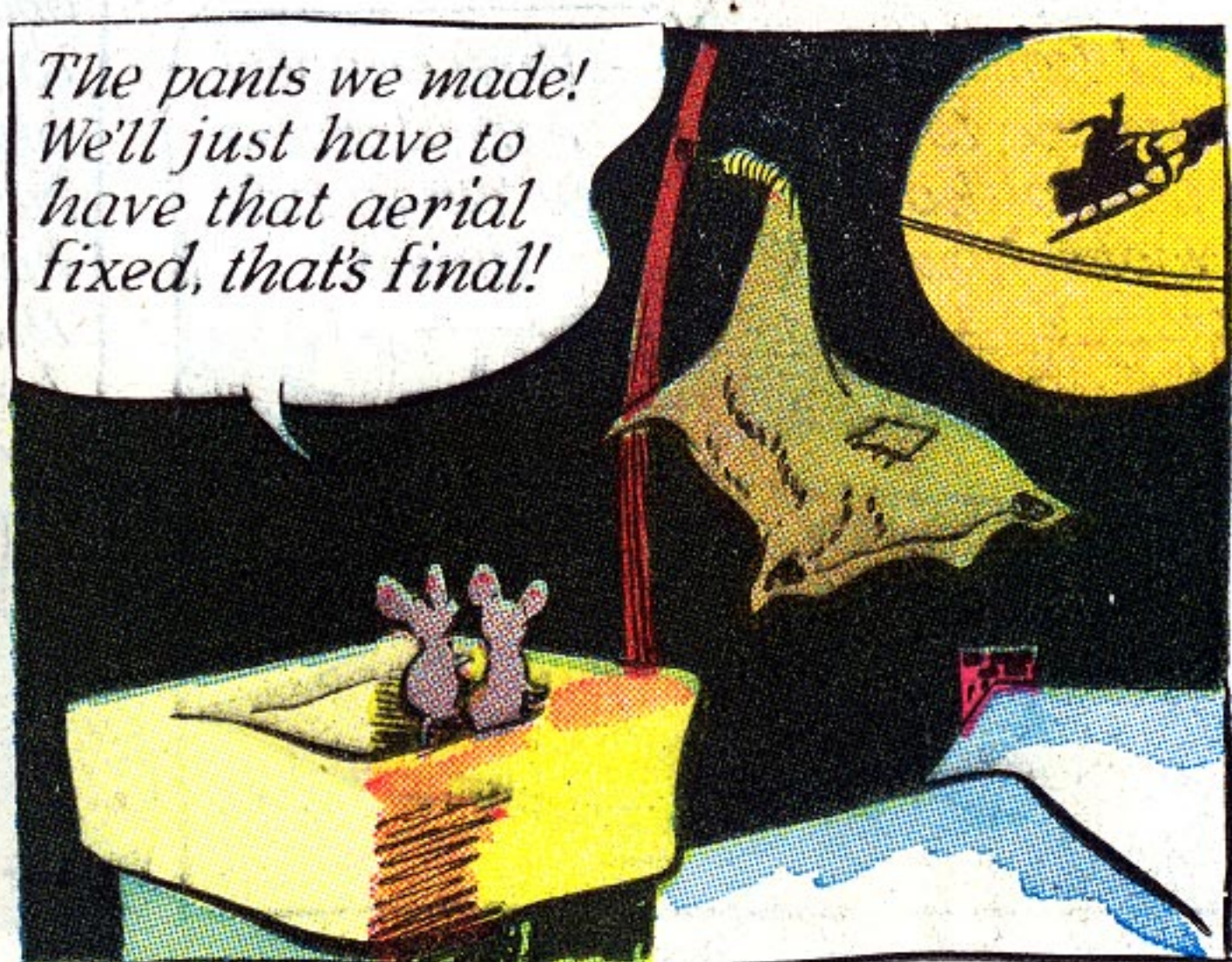
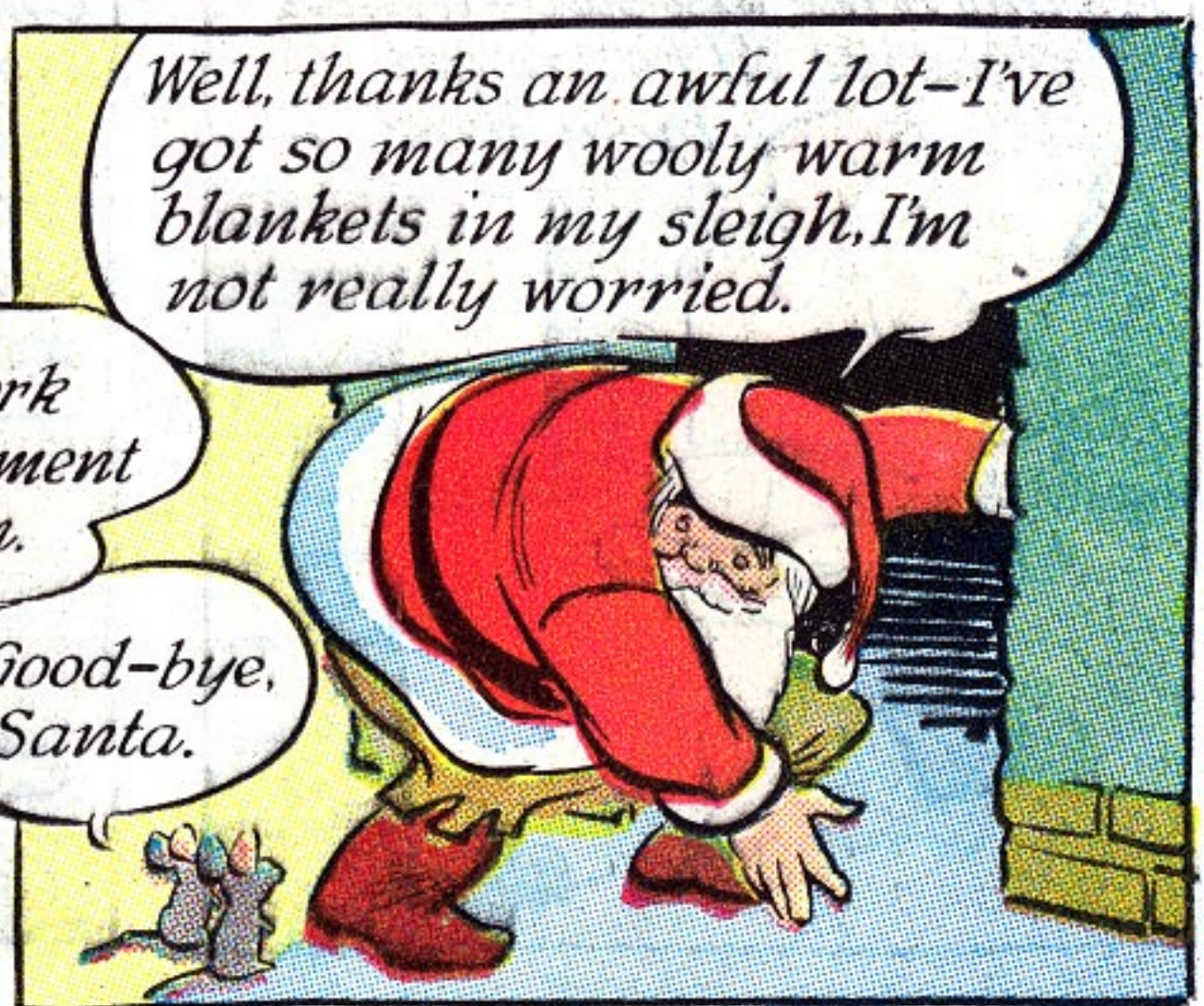
Very snappy, except you've got 'em upside down.



Golly, Hickory, I couldn't eat another bit of burlap. You'll have to enlarge those foot holes yourself.

What!?! Have you been swallowing this stuff? You're supposed to toss it behind something. Don't you know anything about housekeeping?







Little Jack Horner



*Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas
pie;*

*He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,*

And said "What a good boy am I!"

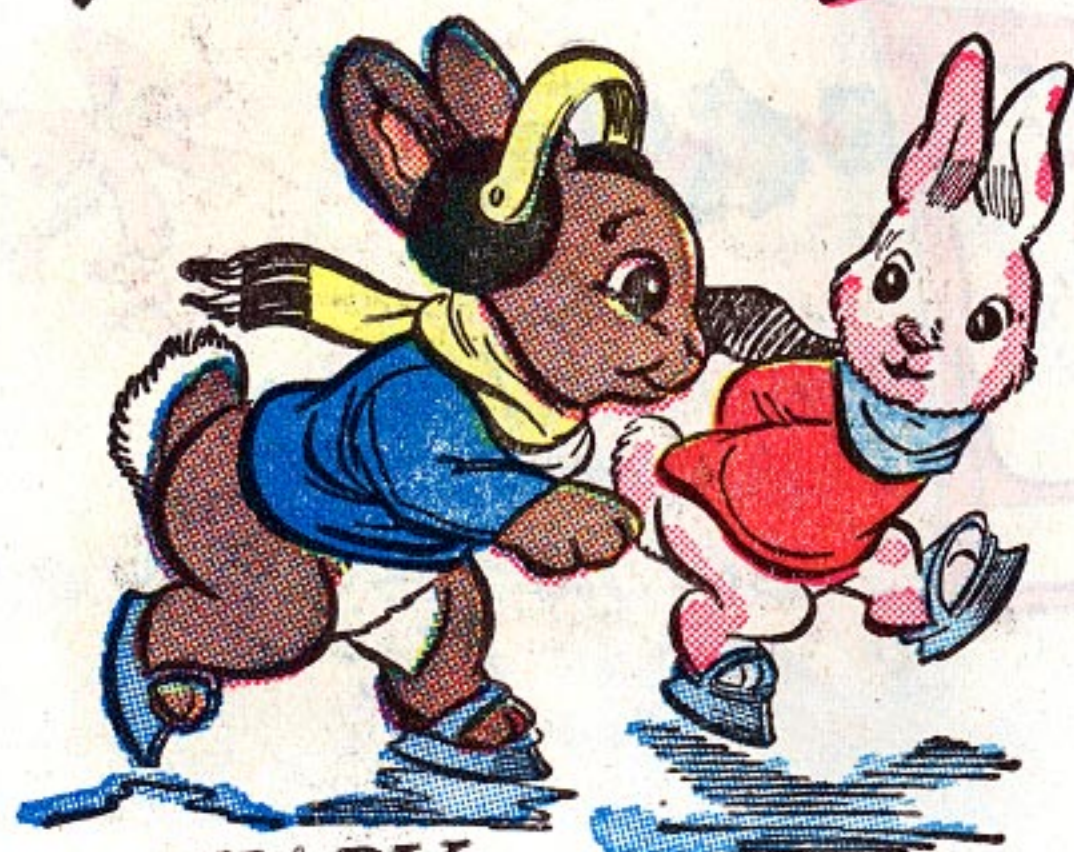


*Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
When Simple Simon came by.*

*Jack called him right soon,
And gave him a spoon.
Saying, "Have half of my
Christmas pie!"*



The YEAR

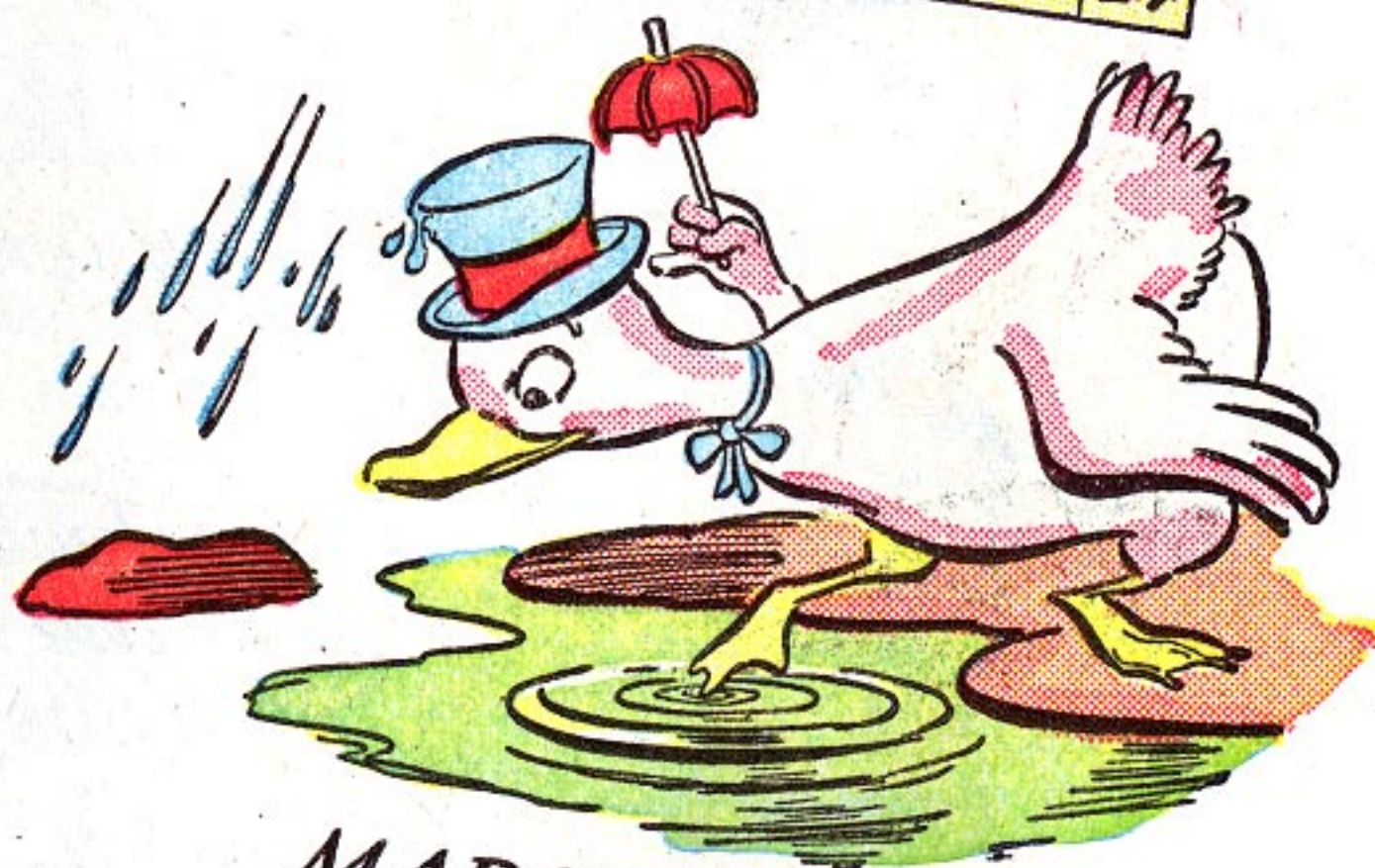


FEBRUARY
brings the rain...
Thaws the frozen
lake again.

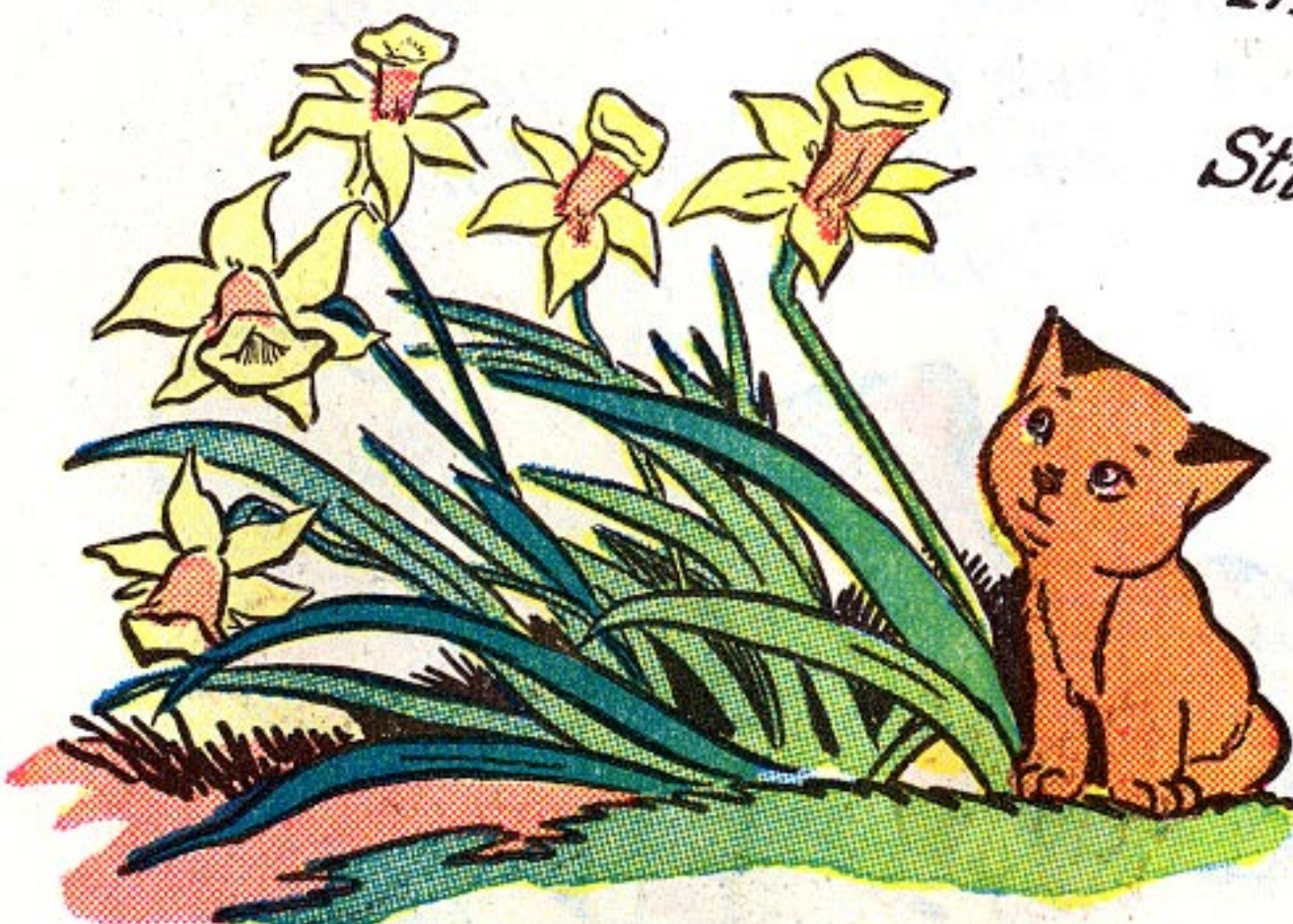
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28					

JANUARY
brings the snow...
Makes our feet
and fingers glow.

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29



MARCH brings breezes
loud and shrill...
Stirs the dancing daffodil.



SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

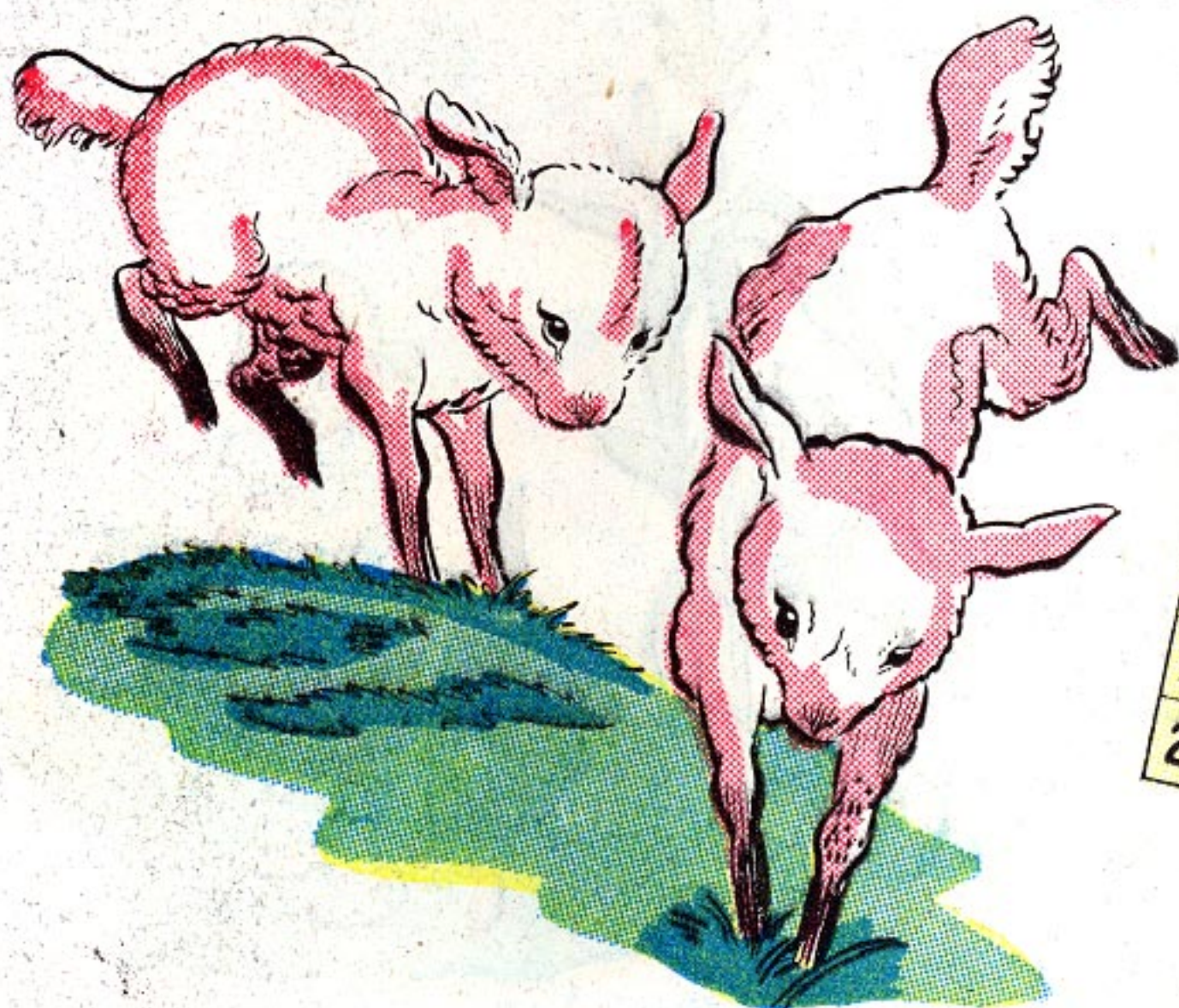
*APRIL brings
more stormy showers,
Watering all the
budding flowers.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



*MAY brings flocks
of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their
fleecy dams.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



*JUNE brings
tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's
hands with posies.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		





*Hot JULY brings
cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.*

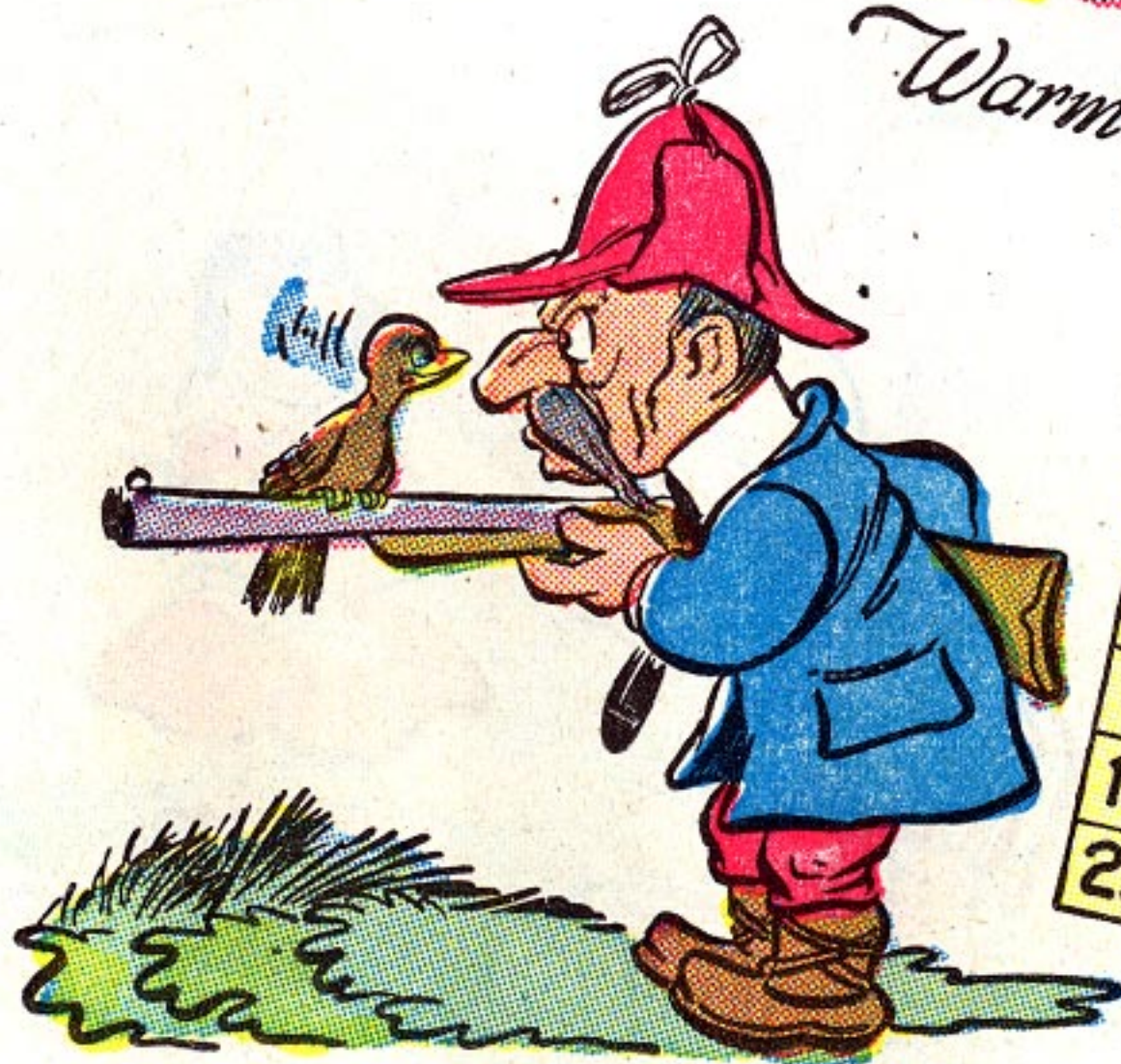
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

*AUGUST brings
the ears of corn.
Then the Autumn
harvest's borne.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



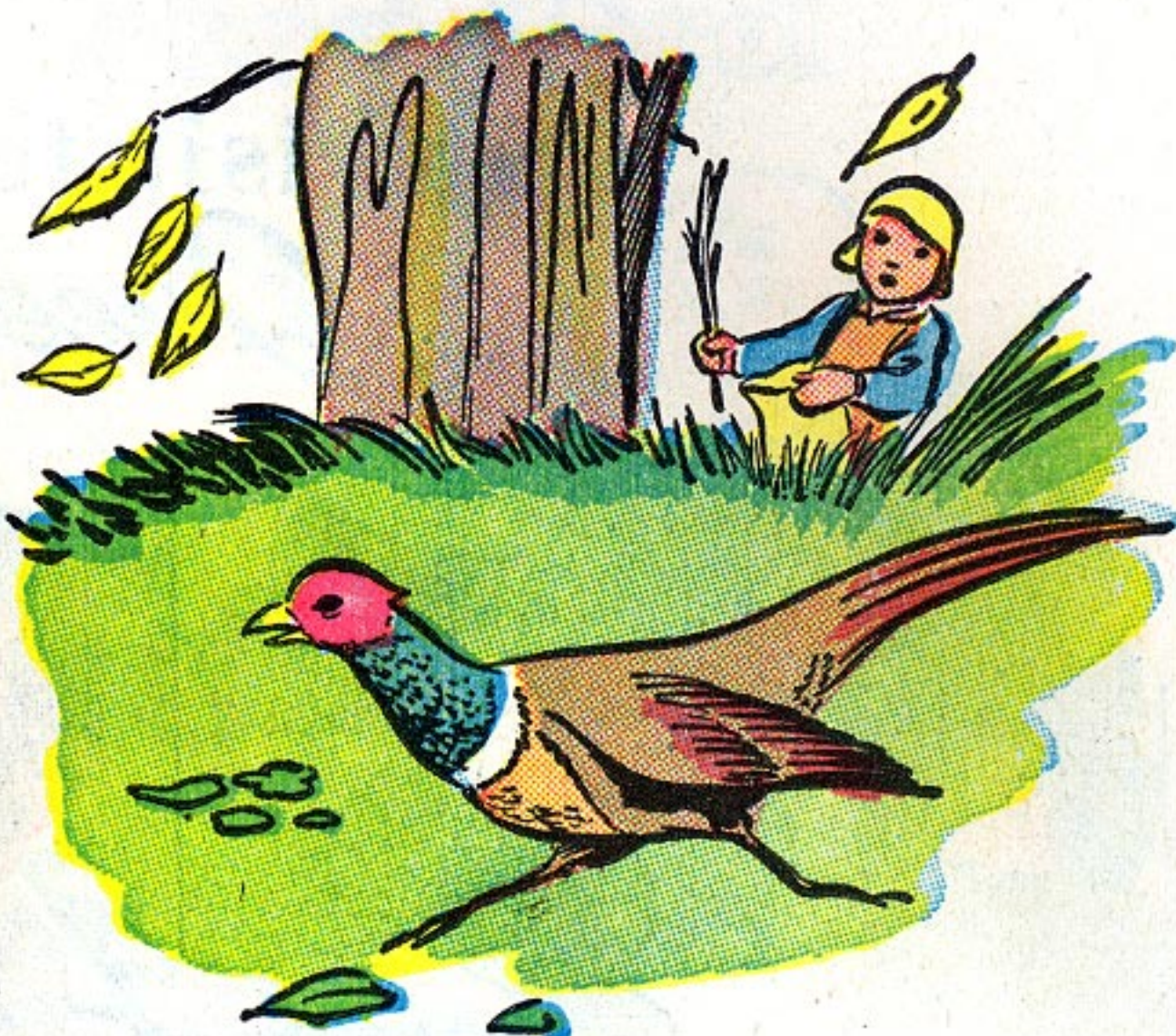
*Warm SEPTEMBER brings the fruit...
Sportsmen then begin
to shoot.*



SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
4	5	6	7	1	2	3
11	12	13	14	8	9	10
18	19	20	21	15	16	17
25	26	27	28	22	23	24
			29	30		

*Fresh OCTOBER
brings the pheasant...
Then to gather nuts
is pleasant.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					



*Dull NOVEMBER
brings the blast,
Then the leaves
are whirling fast.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

*Chill DECEMBER
brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and
Christmas treat.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

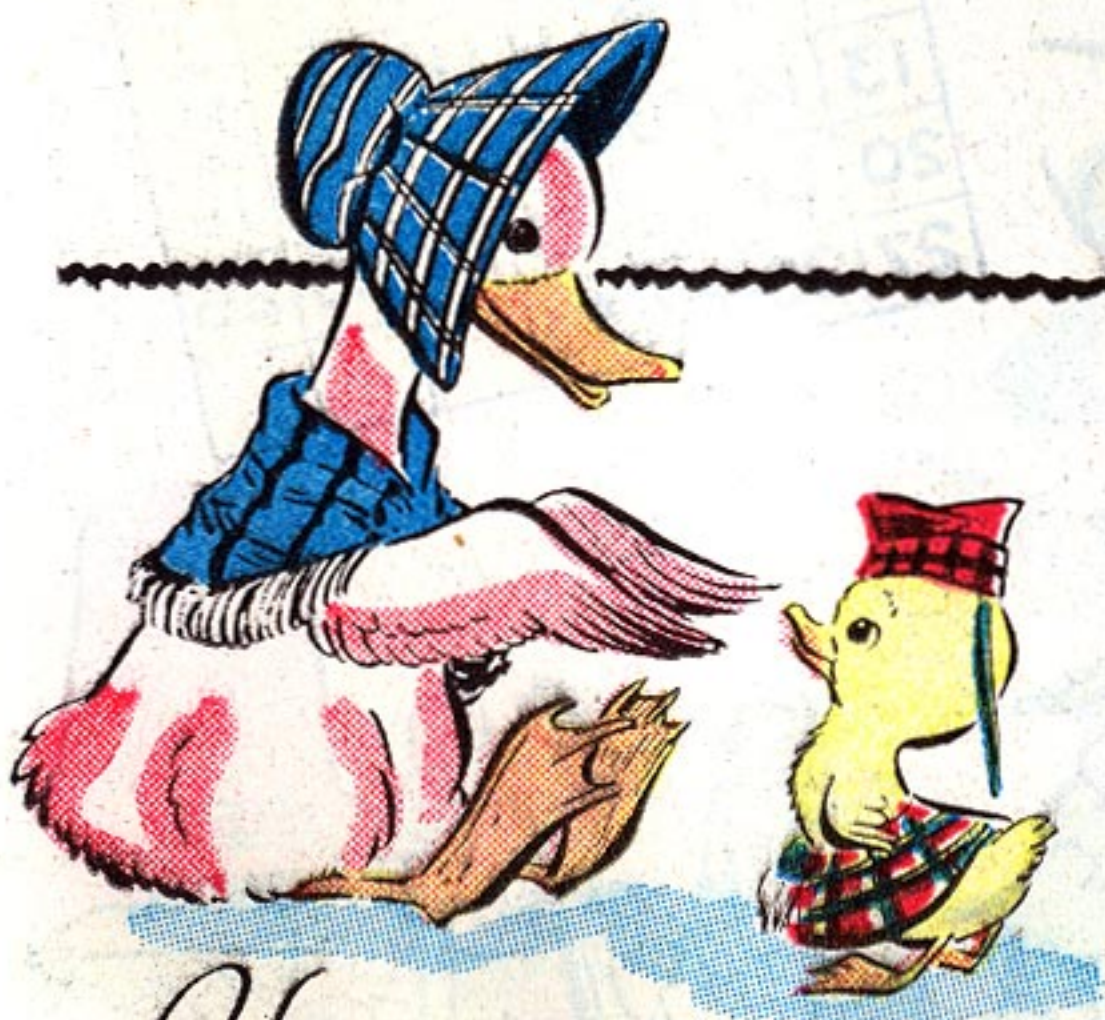


A Visit to the Queen



*"Little girl, little girl, where have you been?"
"Gathering roses to give to the Queen."*

*"Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?"
"She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe."*



Clap Handies

*Clap, clap handies,
Mammie's wee, wee ain;
Clap, clap handies,
Daddie's comin' hame.*

*Hame t' his bonny
Wee bit laddie!
Clap, clap handies,
M' wee, wee ain.*



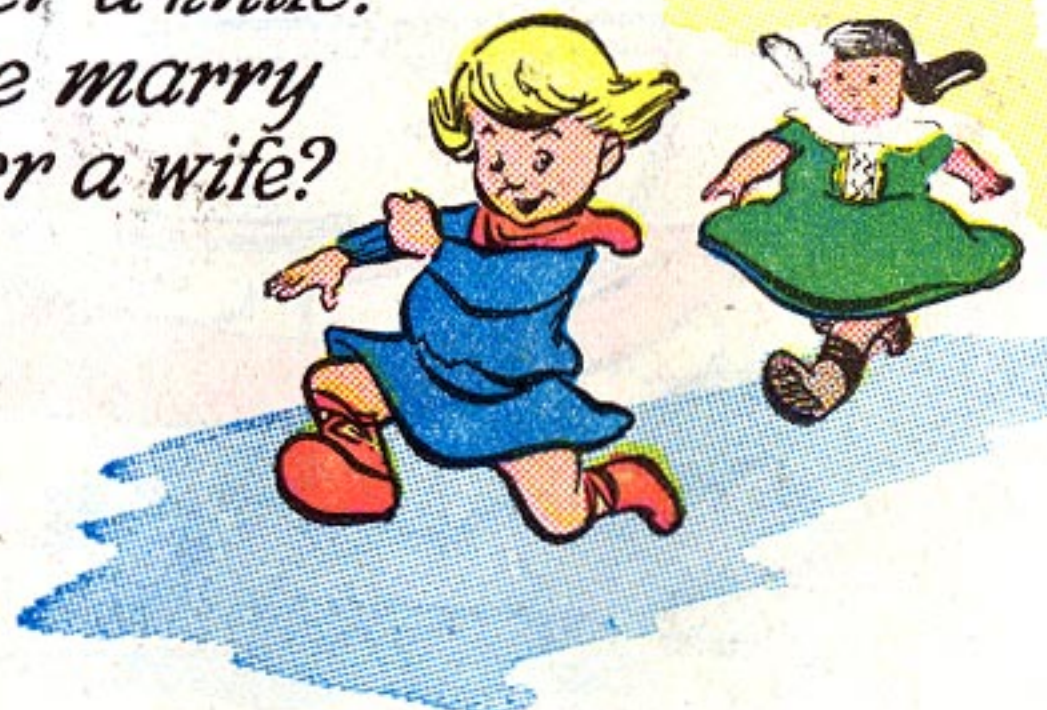
Tommy Tucker's Carol



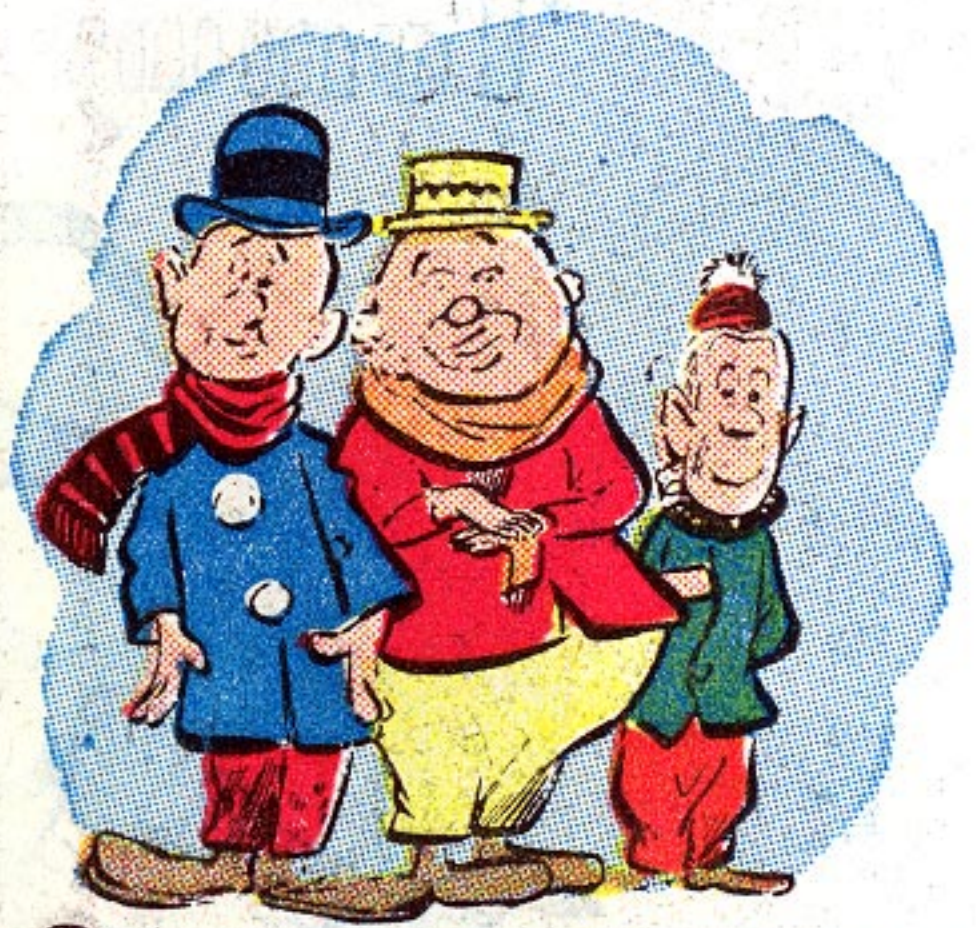
*Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
Good things and butter.*



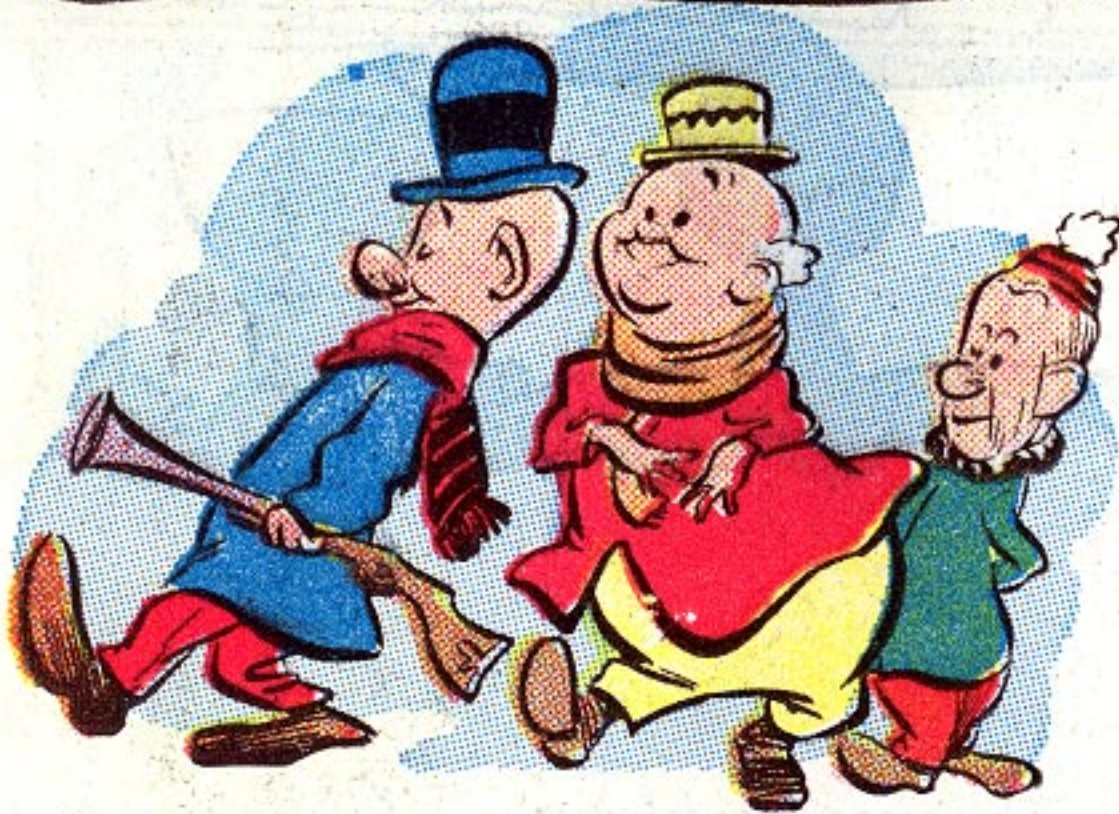
*How will he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How can he marry
Without e'er a wife?*



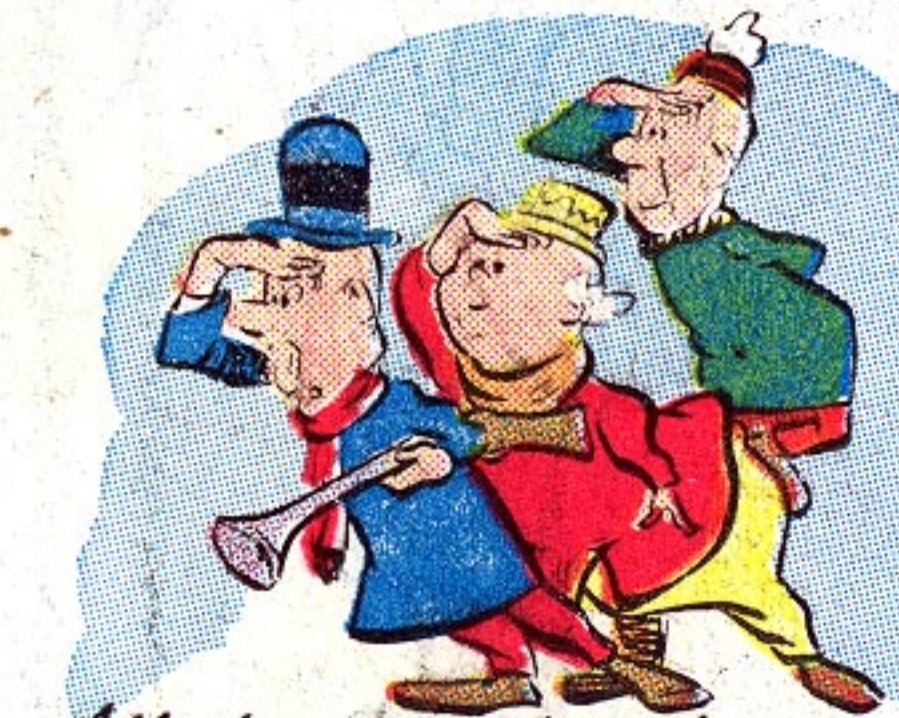
Three Jovial Welsh Men



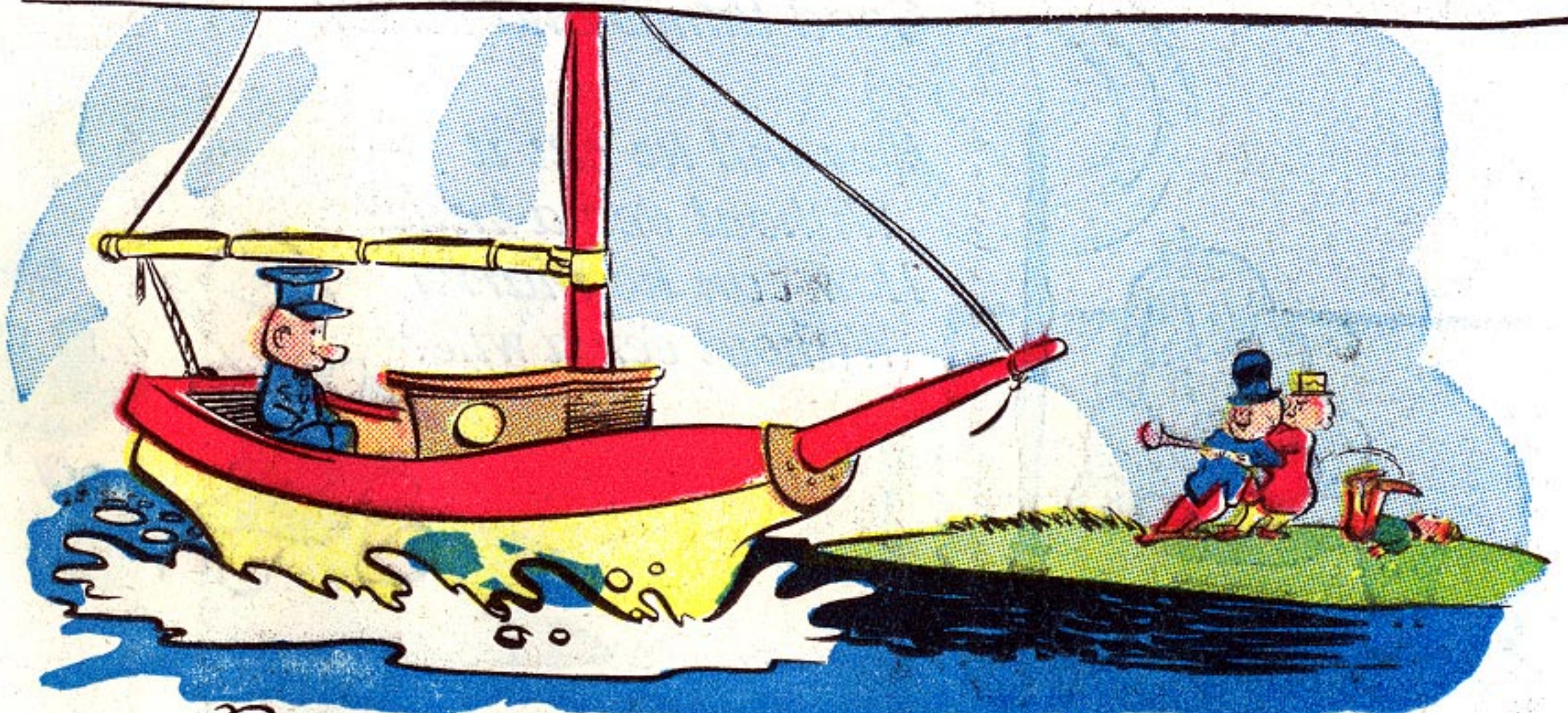
*There were three jovial
Welsh men,
As I have heard them say,*



*And they would go a-hunting
Upon great Christmas Day.* ❌



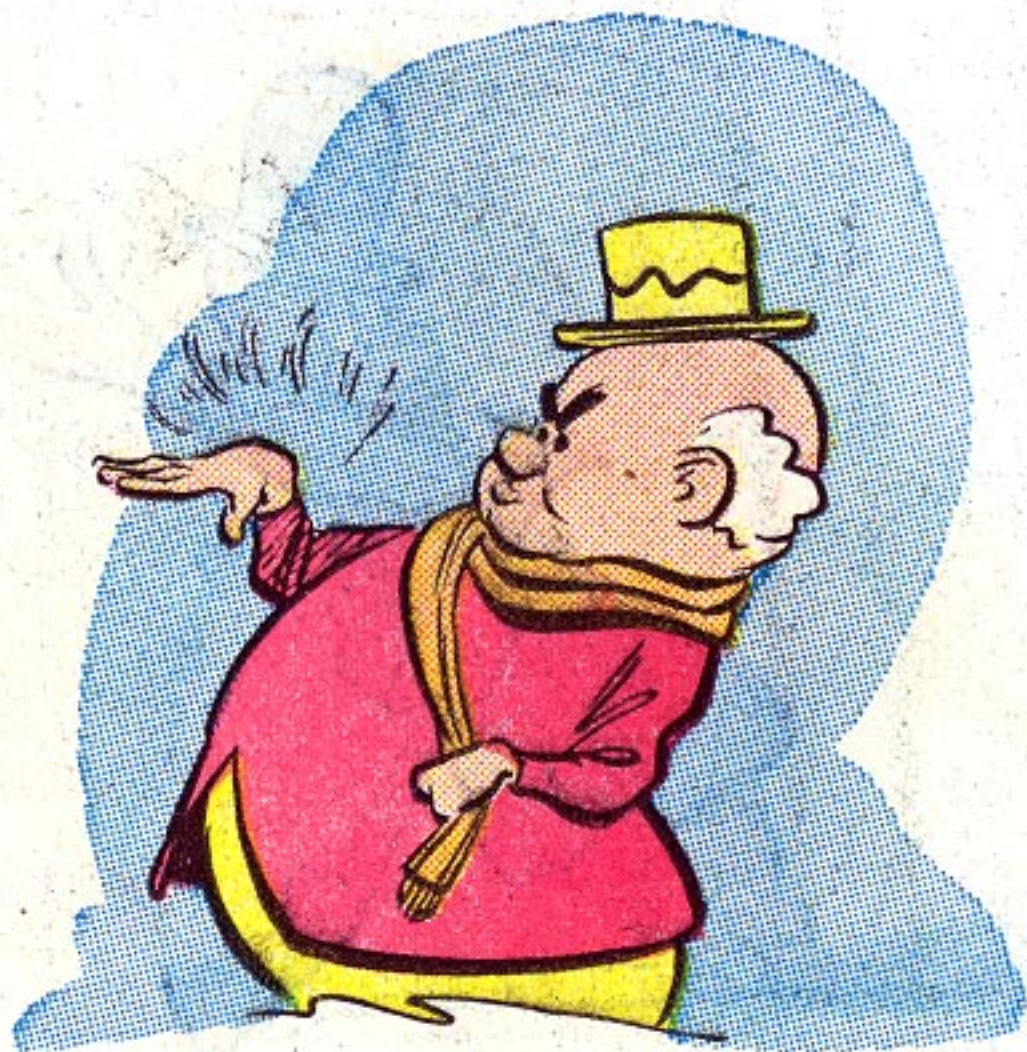
*All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find*



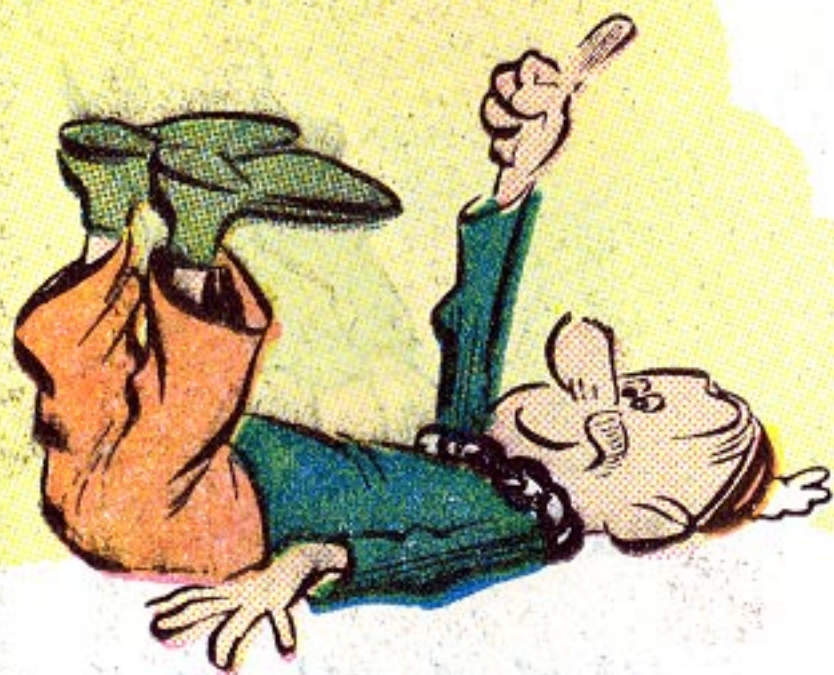
But a ship a-sailing—a-sailing with the wind.



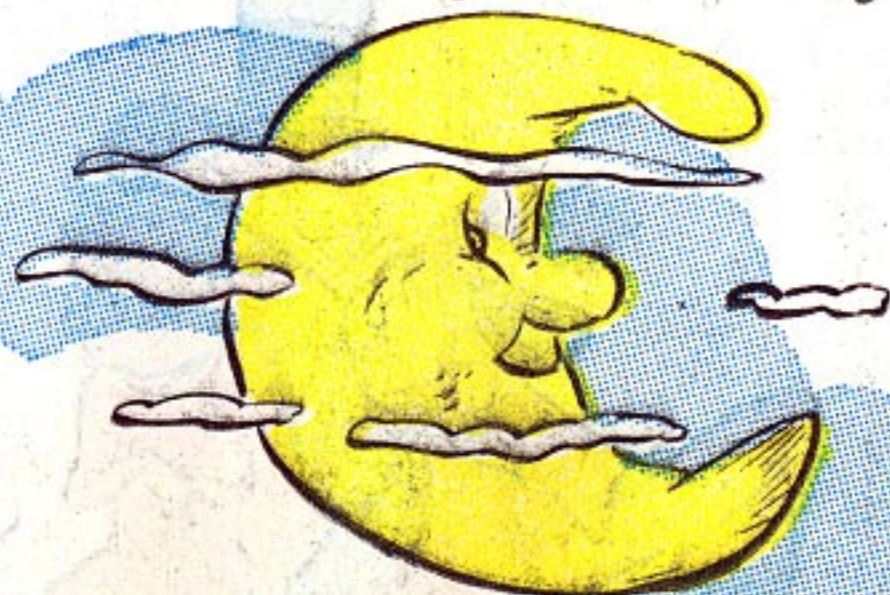
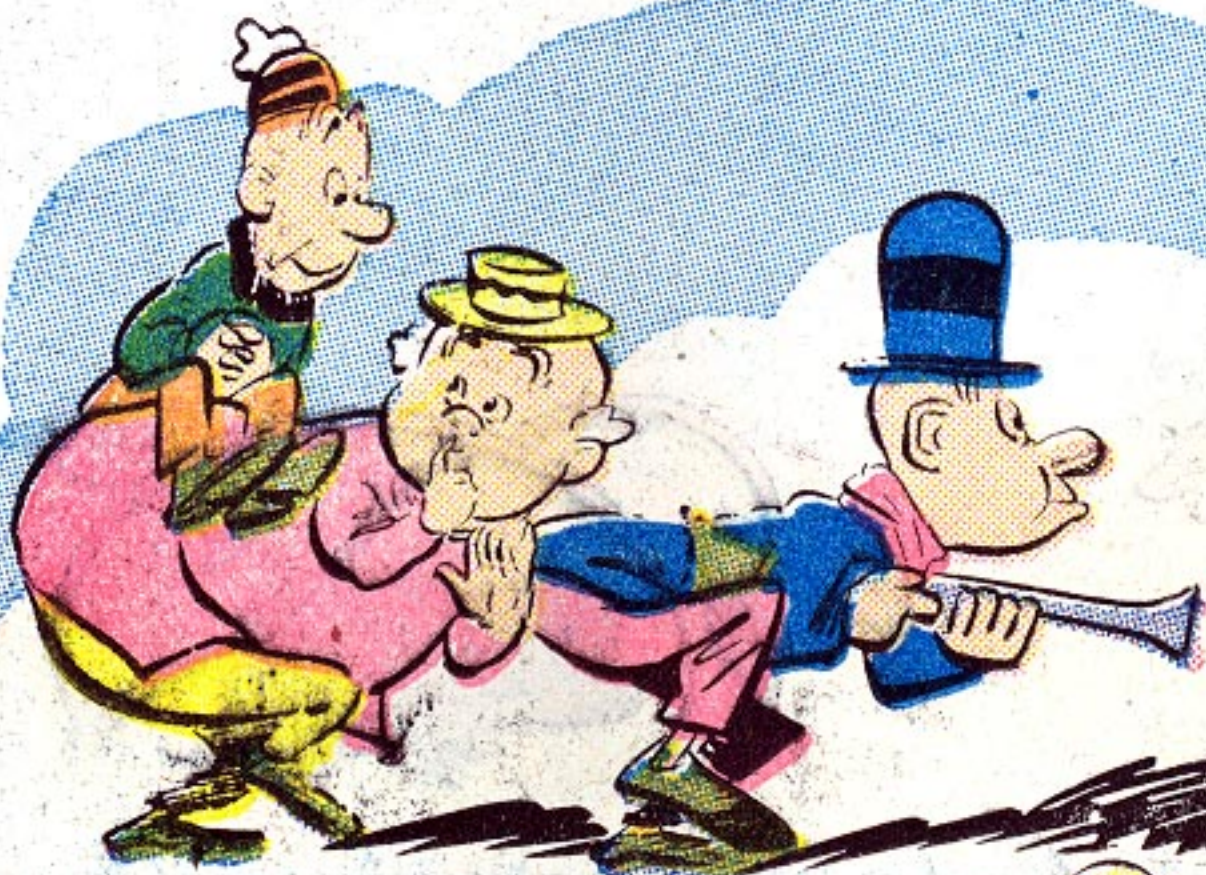
One said it was a ship;



The other, he said, "Nay!"



The third said it was a house With the chimney blown away!



*And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,*



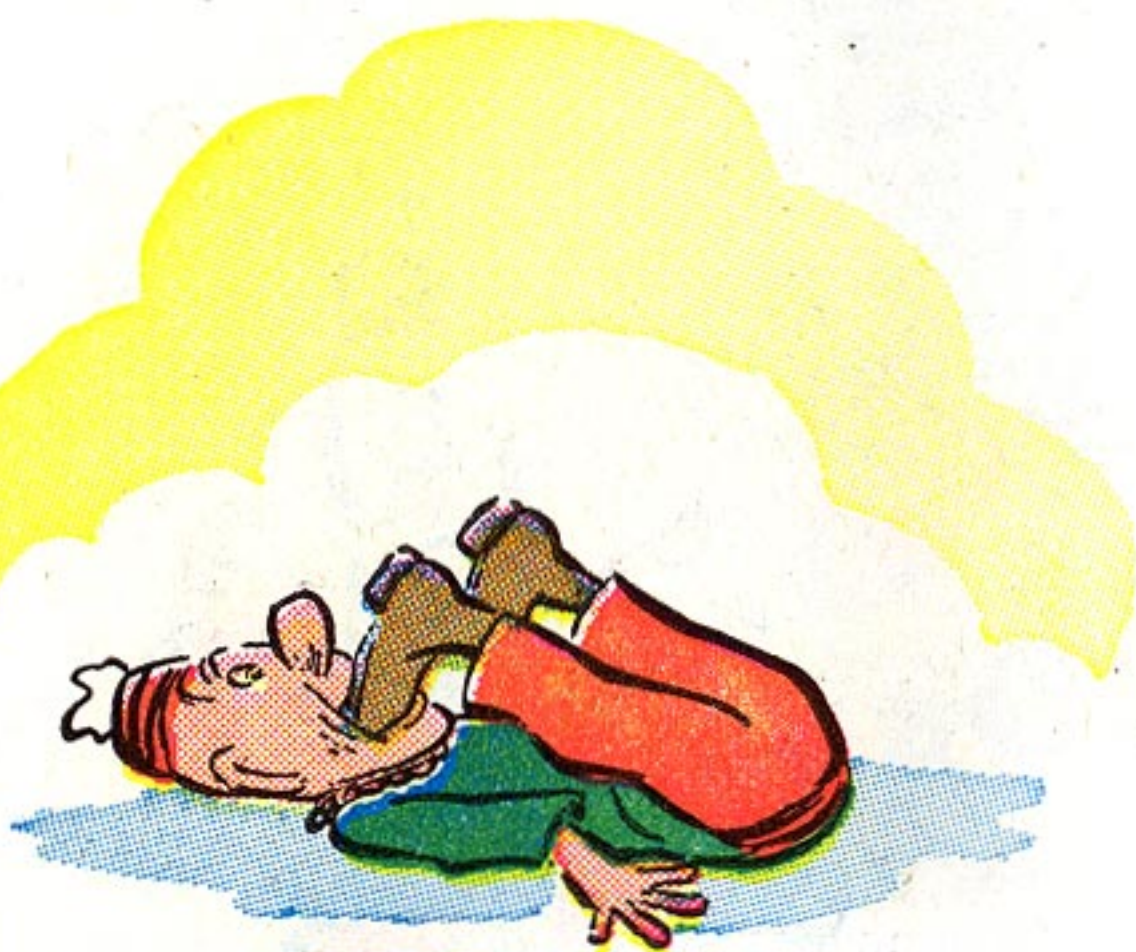
*But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.*



One said it was the moon;



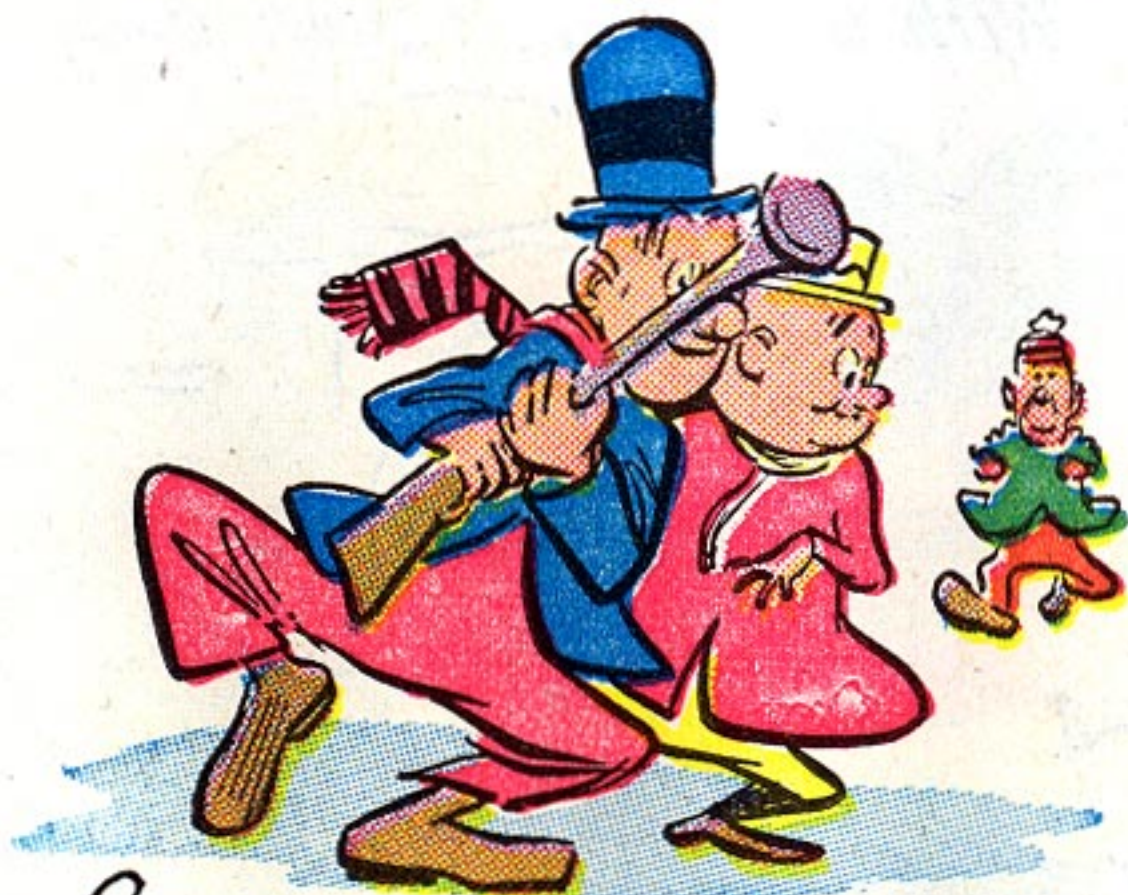
The other, he said, "Nay!"



The third said it was a cheese



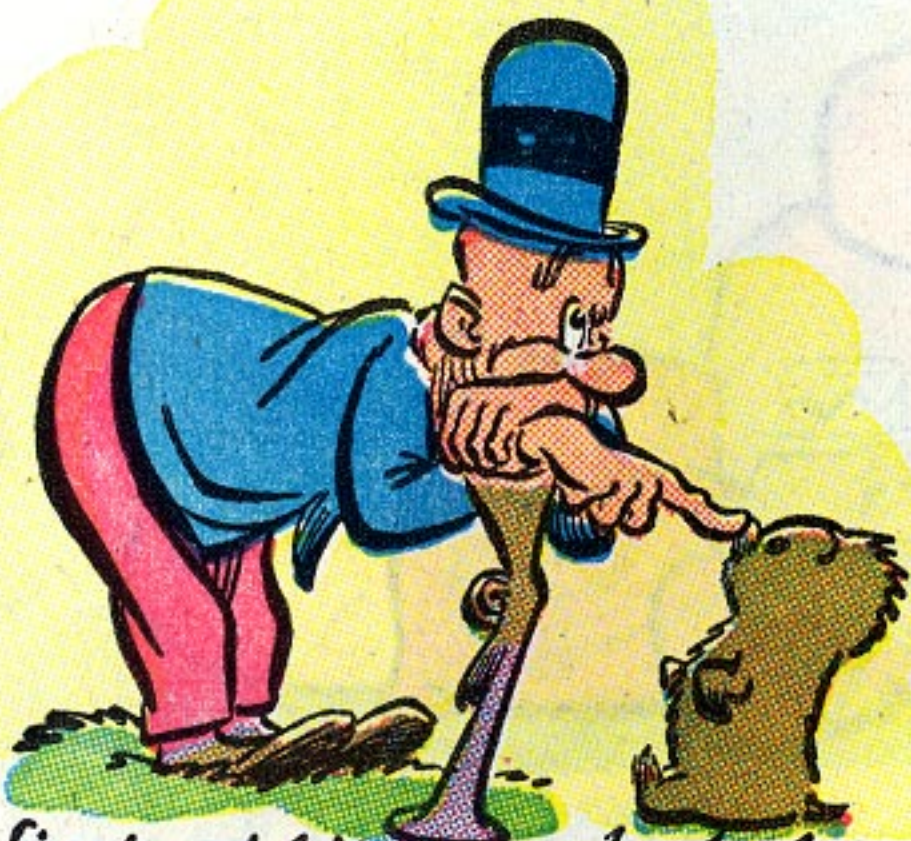
With half o't cut away.



*So all the day they hunted
And nothing did they find*



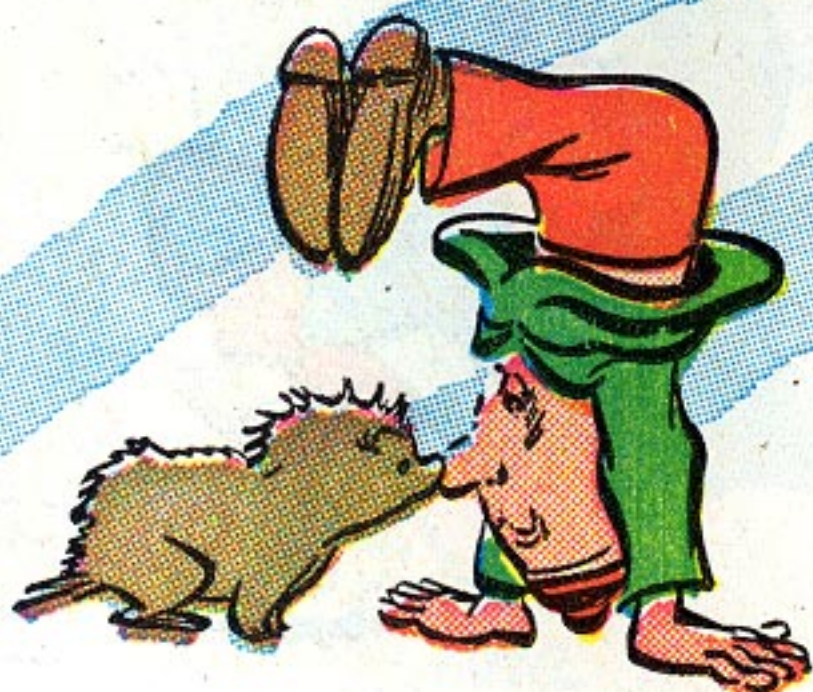
*But a hedgehog in a bramblebush
And this they left behind.*



The first said it was a hedgehog;



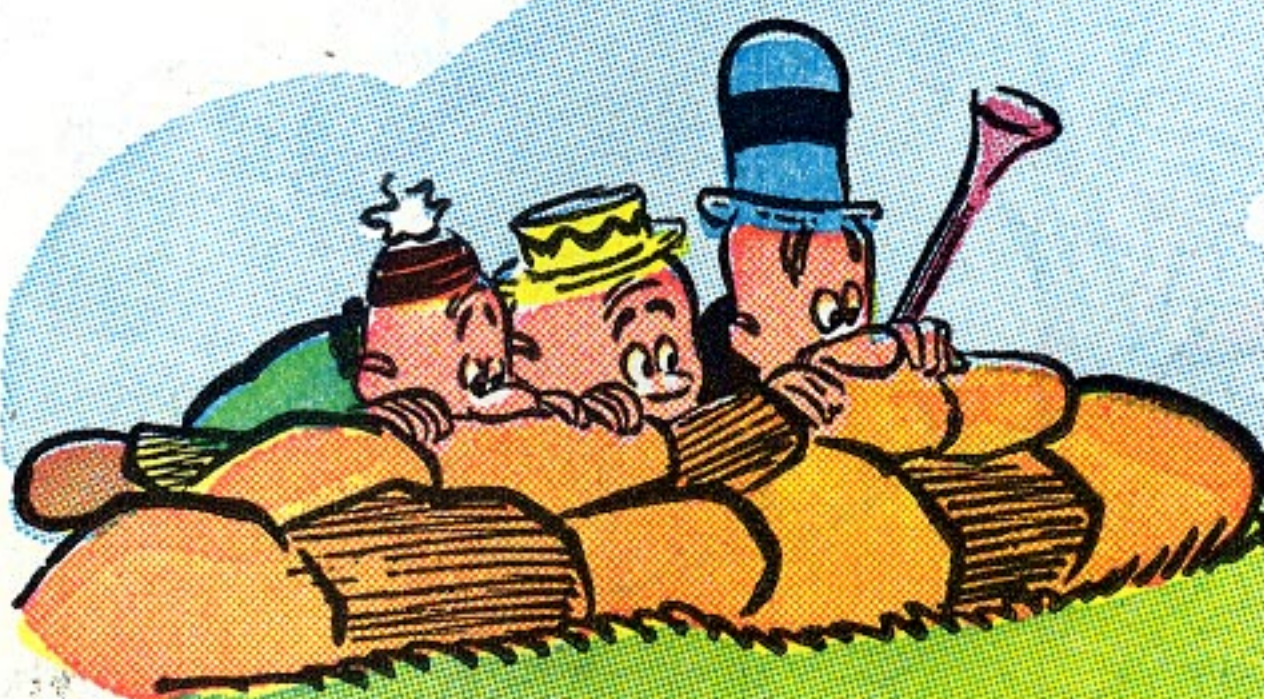
The other, he said, "Nay!"



The third said it was a pin cushion



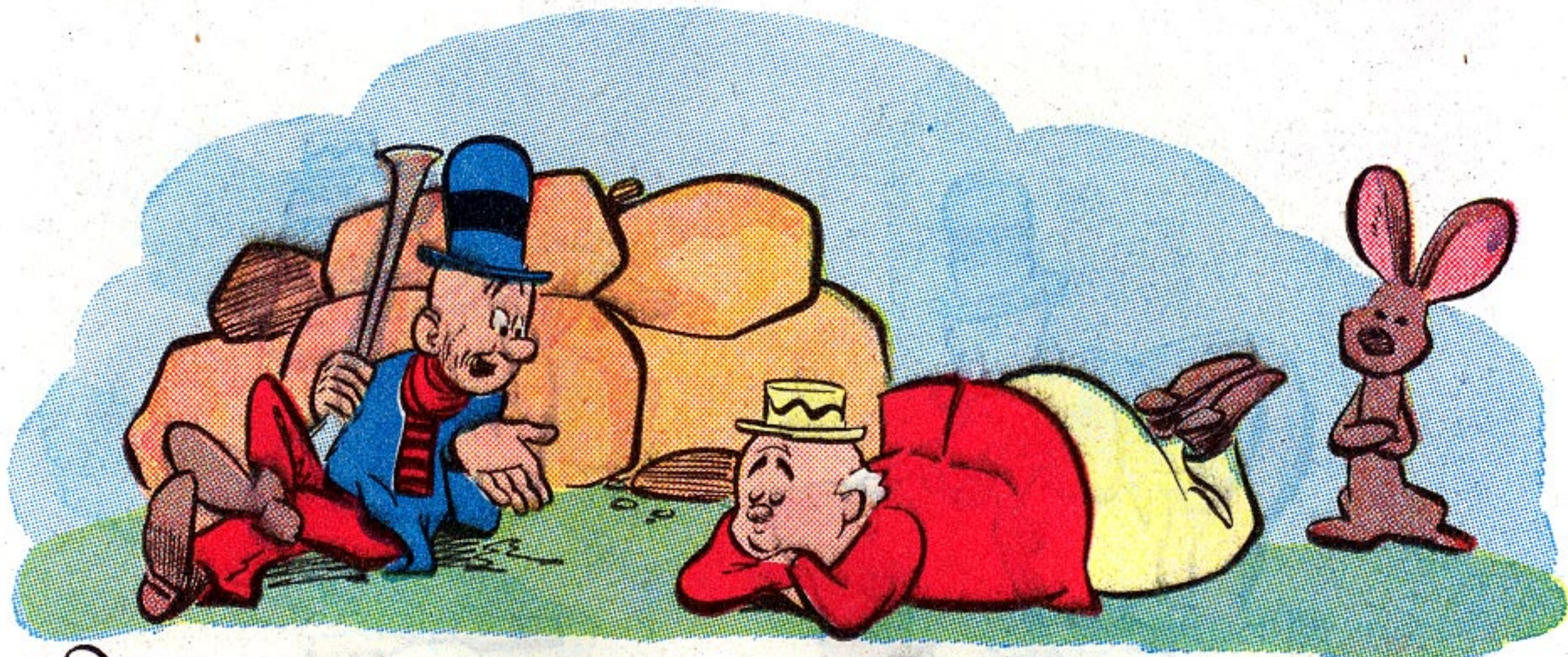
With pins stuck in wrong way.



*All the night they hunted
And nothing could they find*

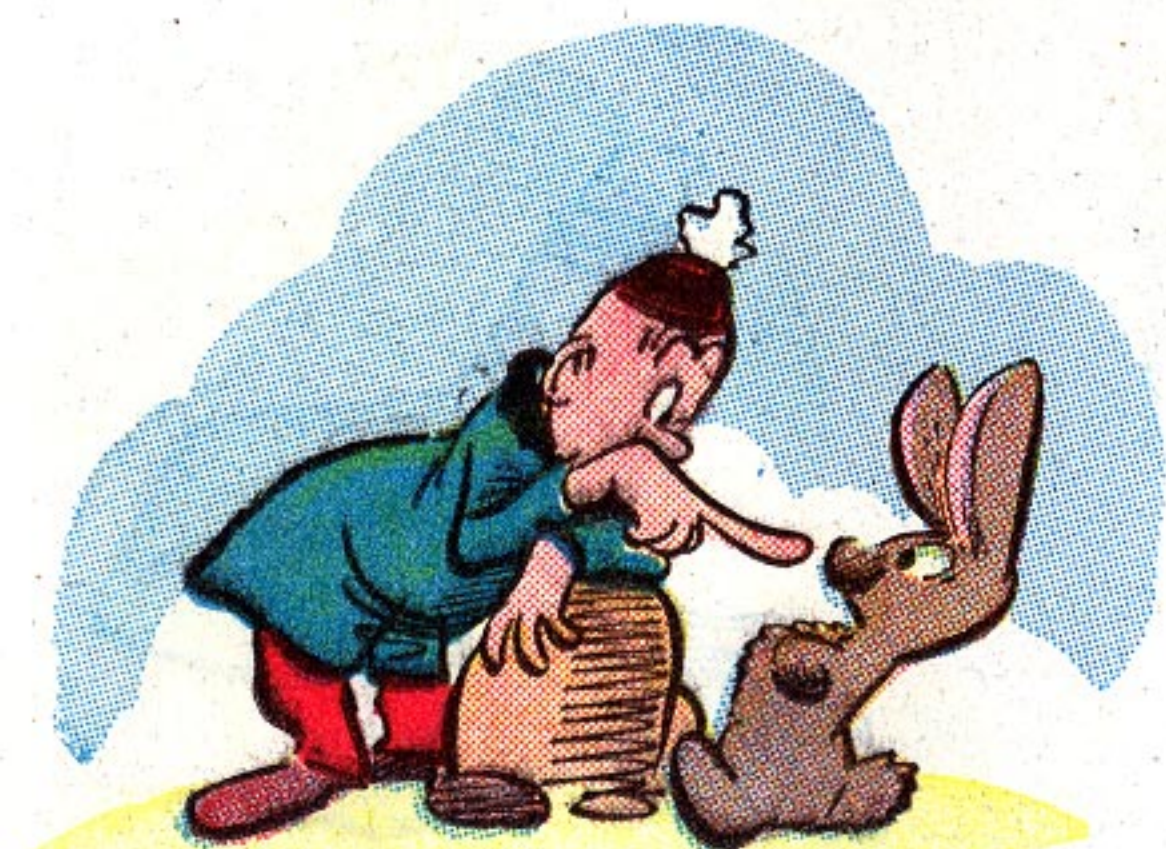


*But a hare in a turnip field
And that they left behind.*

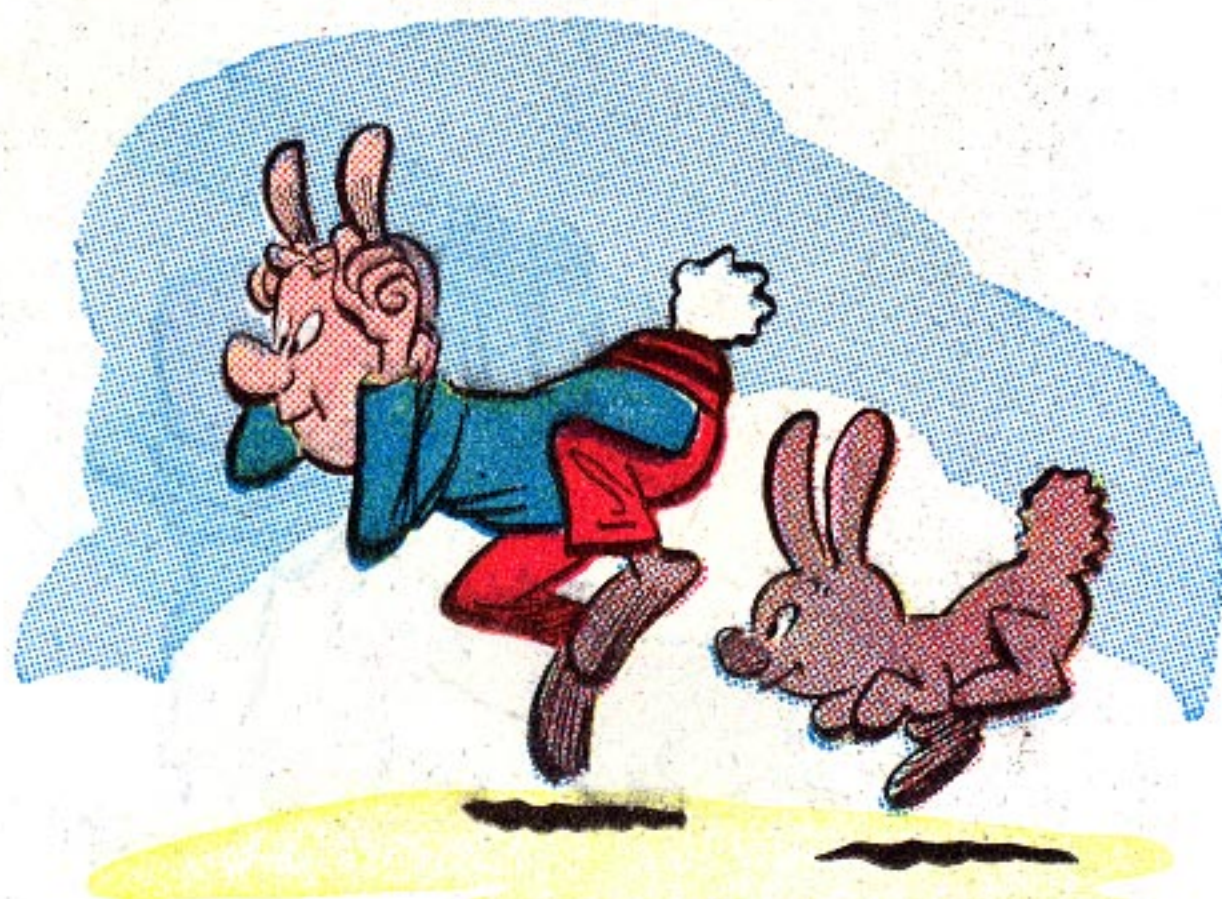


The first said it was a hare;

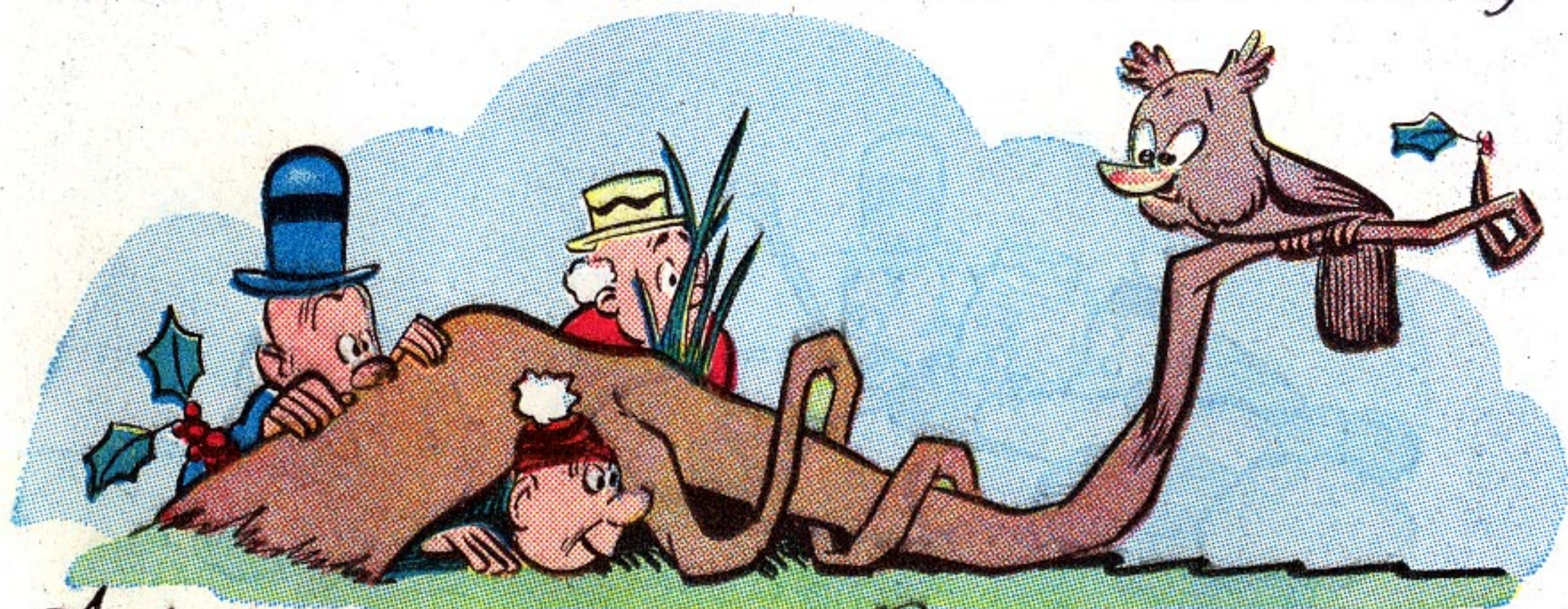
The second, he said, "Nay!"



The third said 'twas a calf

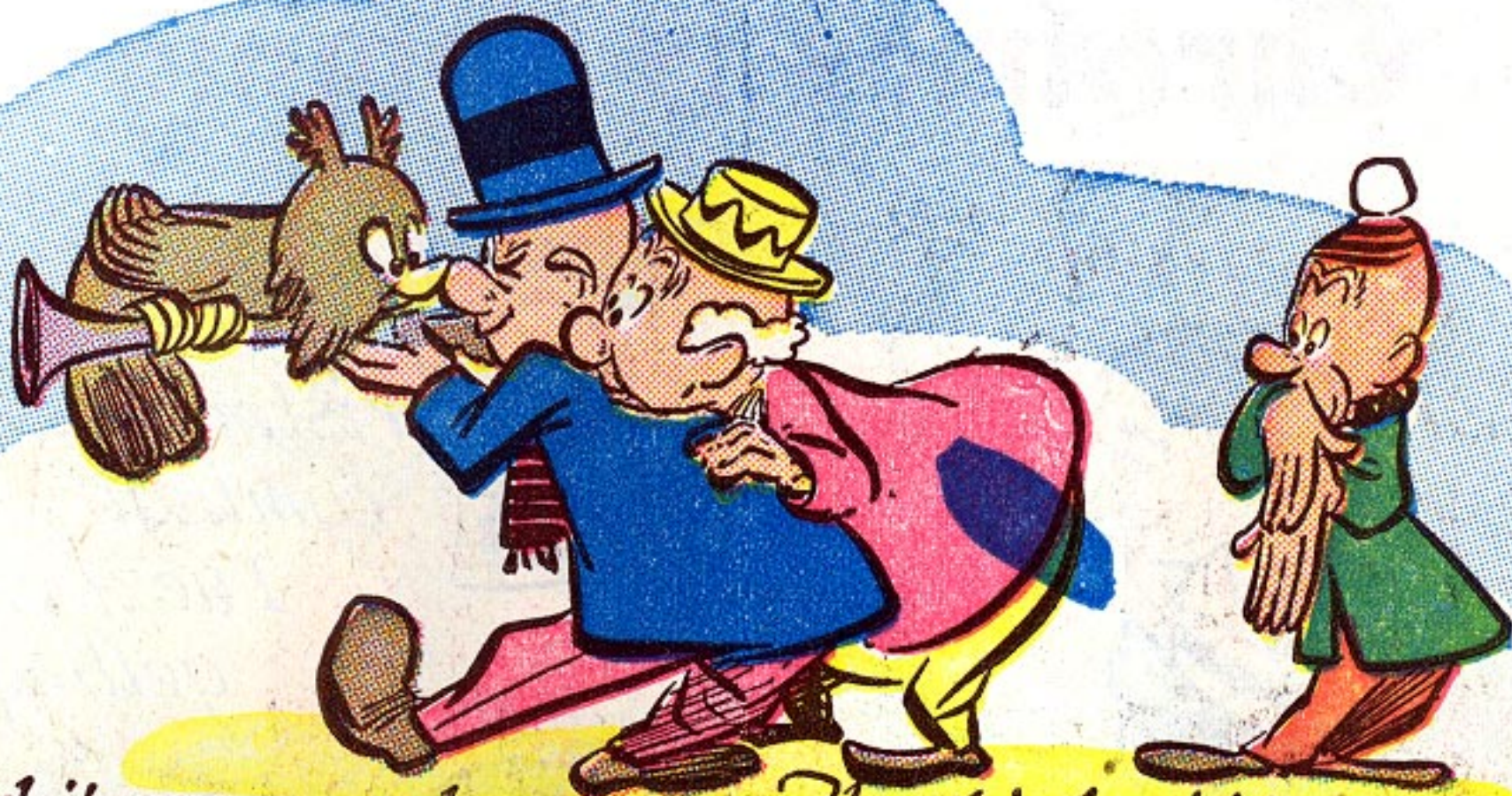


And the cow had run away.



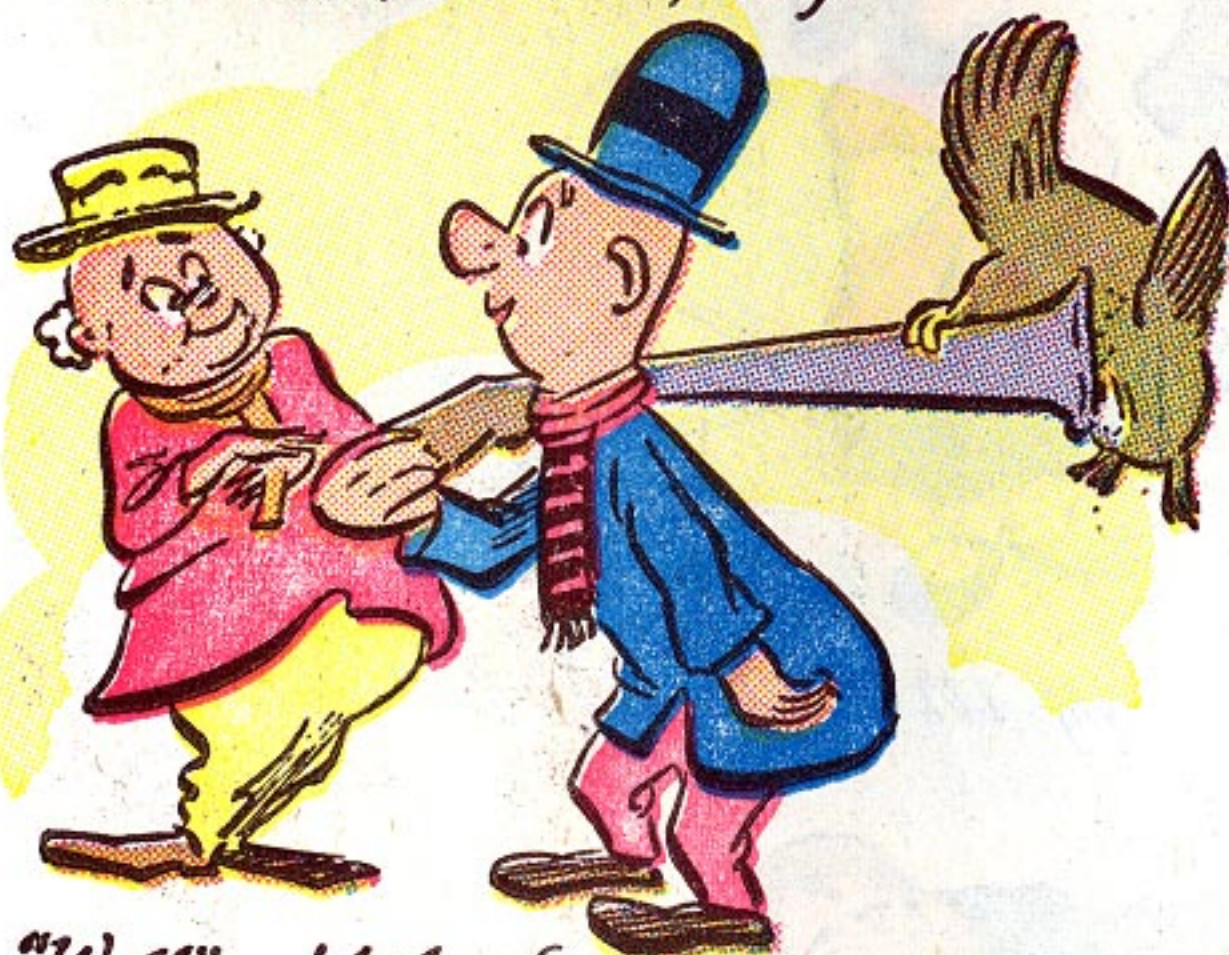
*And all the day they hunted
And nothing could they find*

*But an owl in a holly tree
And that they left behind.*

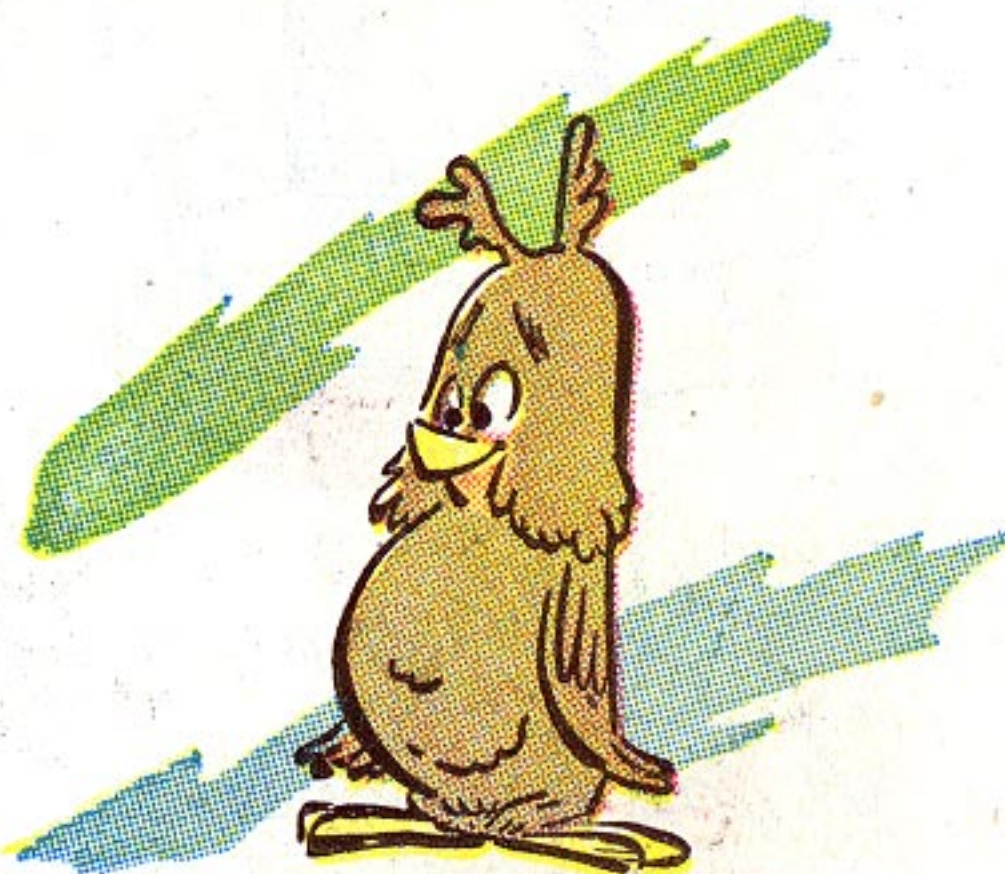


*One said it was an owl;
The other, he said, "Nay!"*

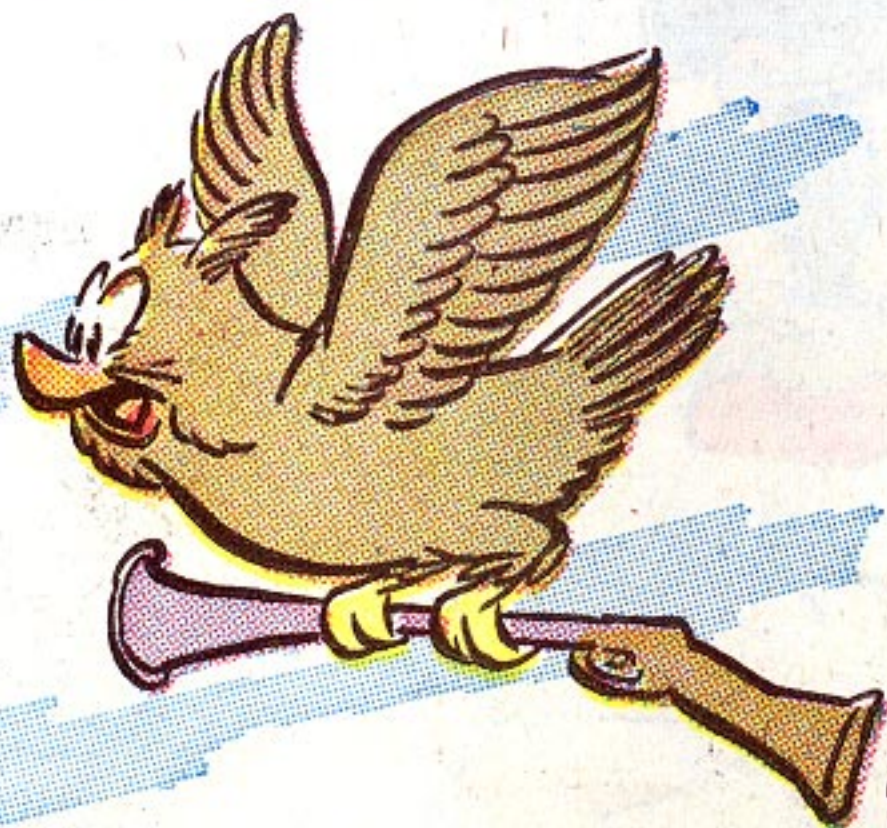
*The third said 'twas an old man
With his beard growing gray.*



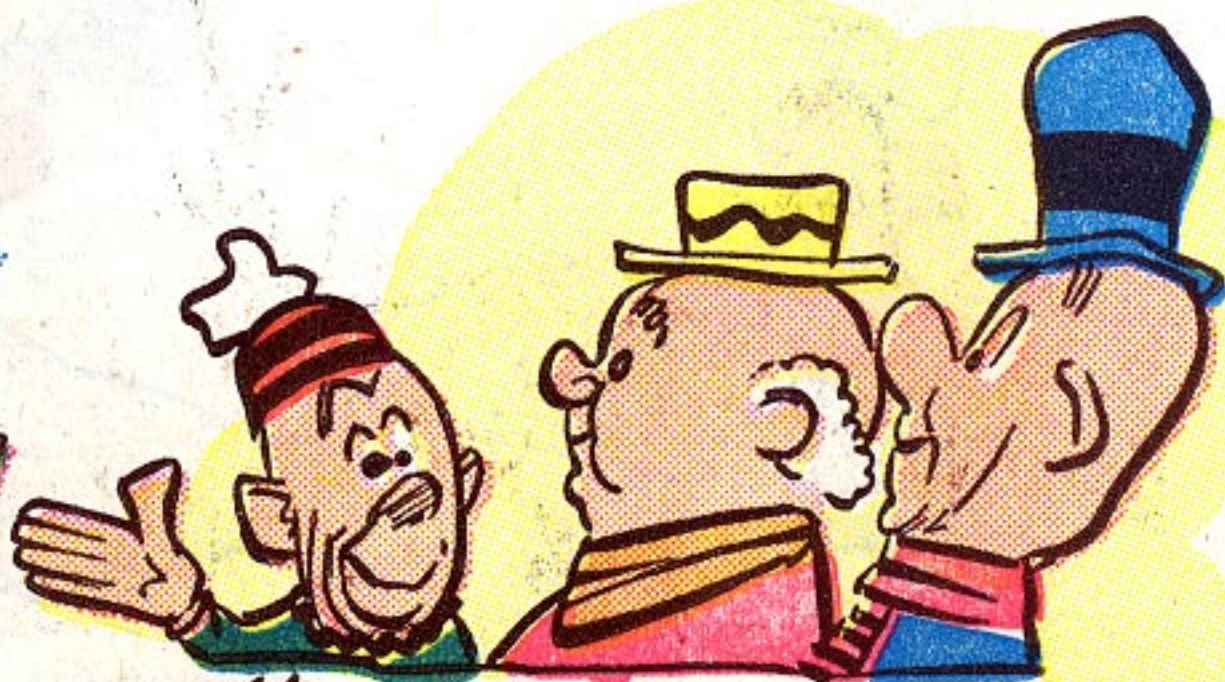
*"Well," said the first one,
"If that's how it be,*



*"Let's go back and inquire
Of him exactly who he be."*



*But the bird flapped away
With never, never a pause.*



*"You see," said the third man,
"It was old Santa Claus!"*

Christmas is Coming



*Christmas is
coming!*

*The geese are
getting fat.*

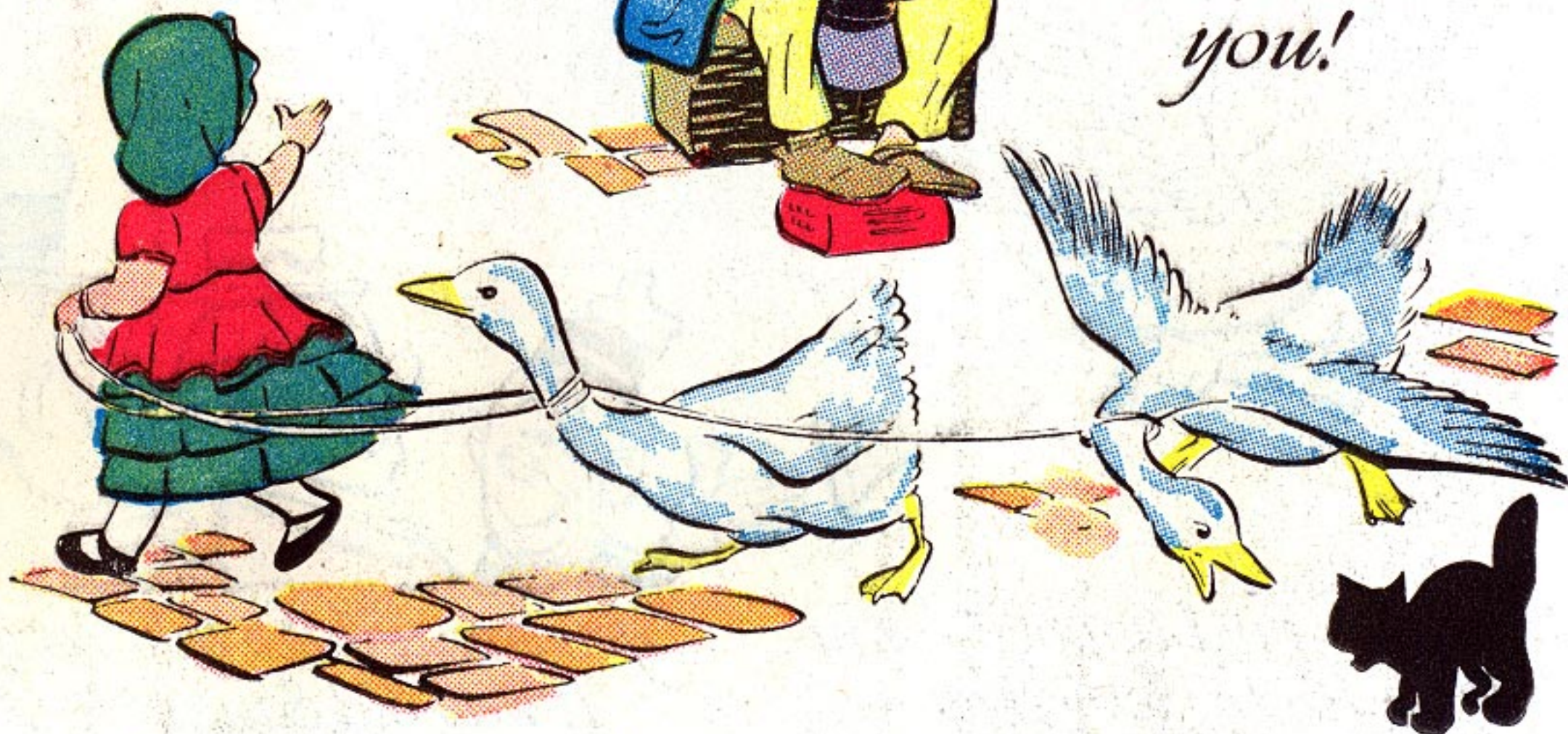


Please to put a penny in an old man's hat.

*If you haven't got
a penny—a half-
penny will do.*



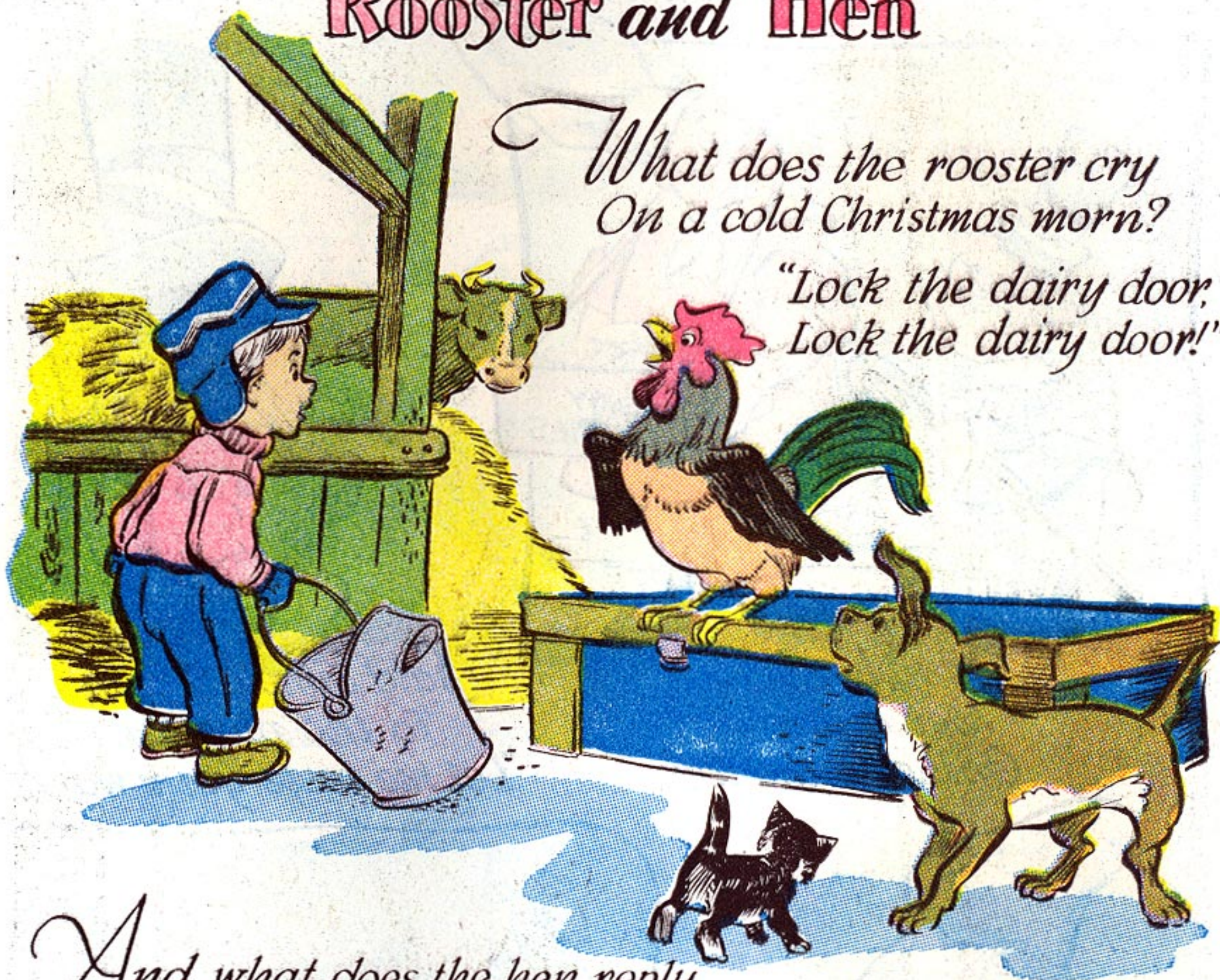
*If you haven't
got a half-penny
God bless
you!*



Rooster and Hen

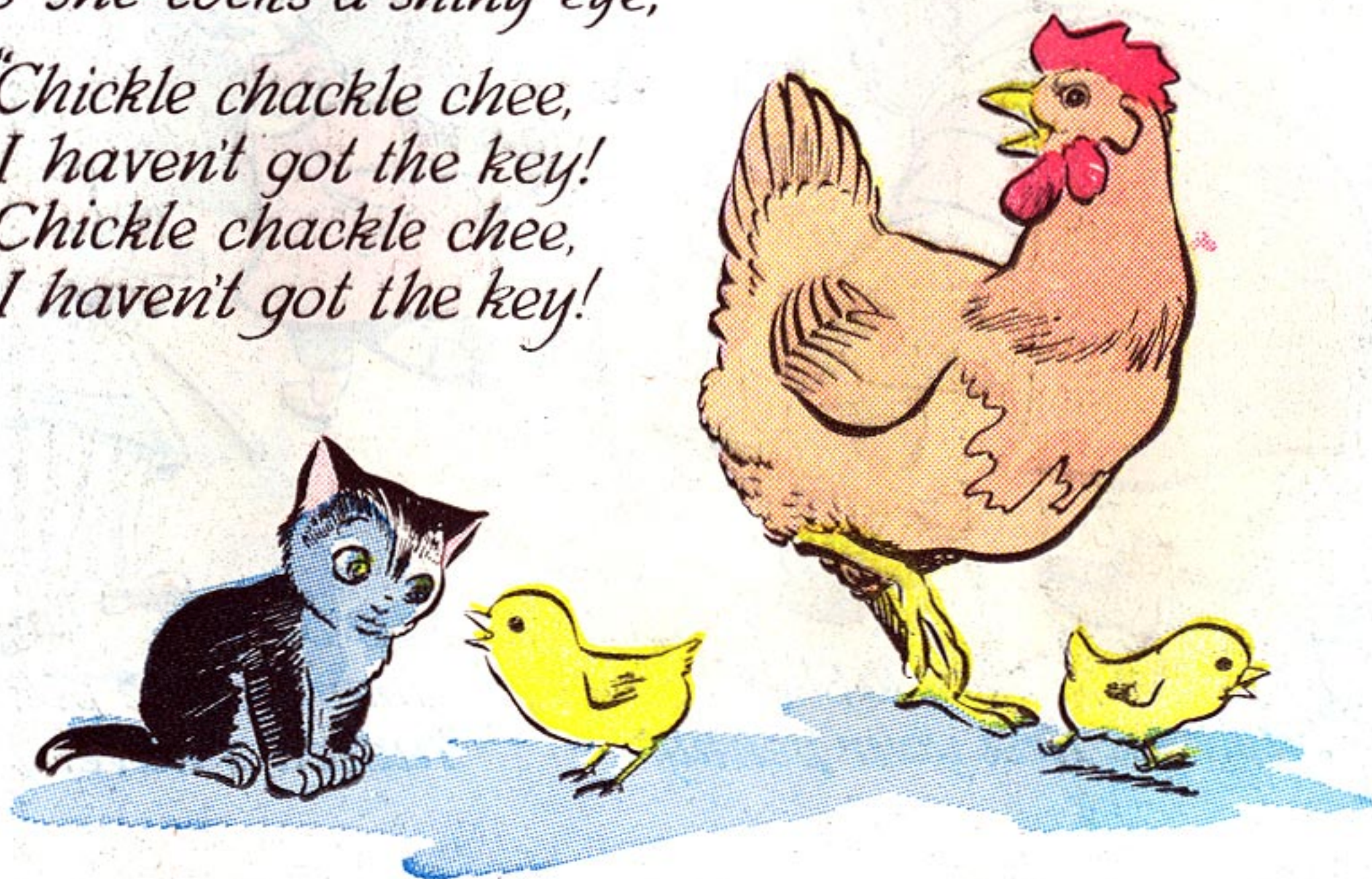
*What does the rooster cry
On a cold Christmas morn?*

*"Lock the dairy door,
Lock the dairy door!"*

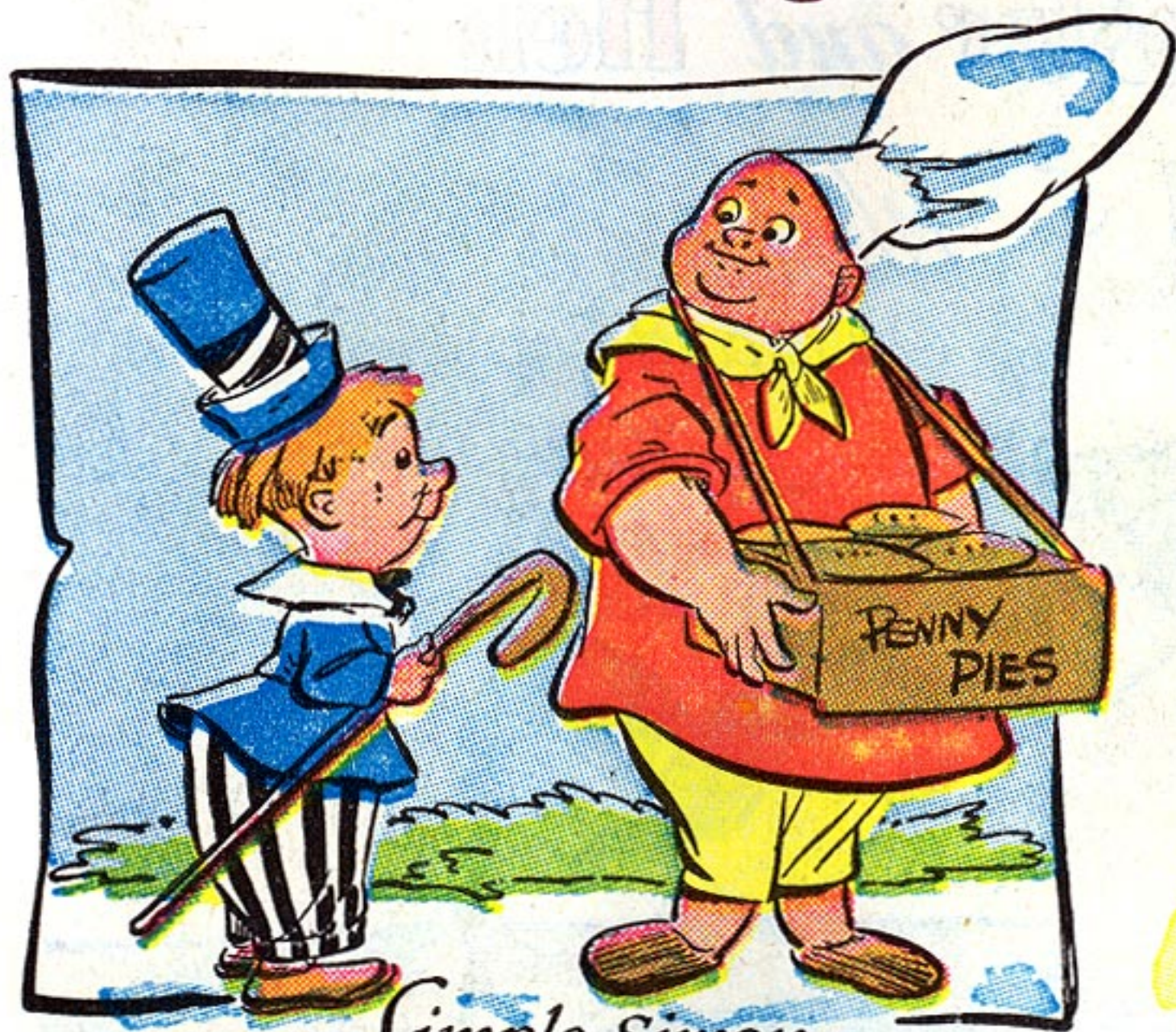


*And what does the hen reply,
As she cocks a shiny eye,*

*"Chickle chackle chee,
I haven't got the key!
Chickle chackle chee,
I haven't got the key!"*



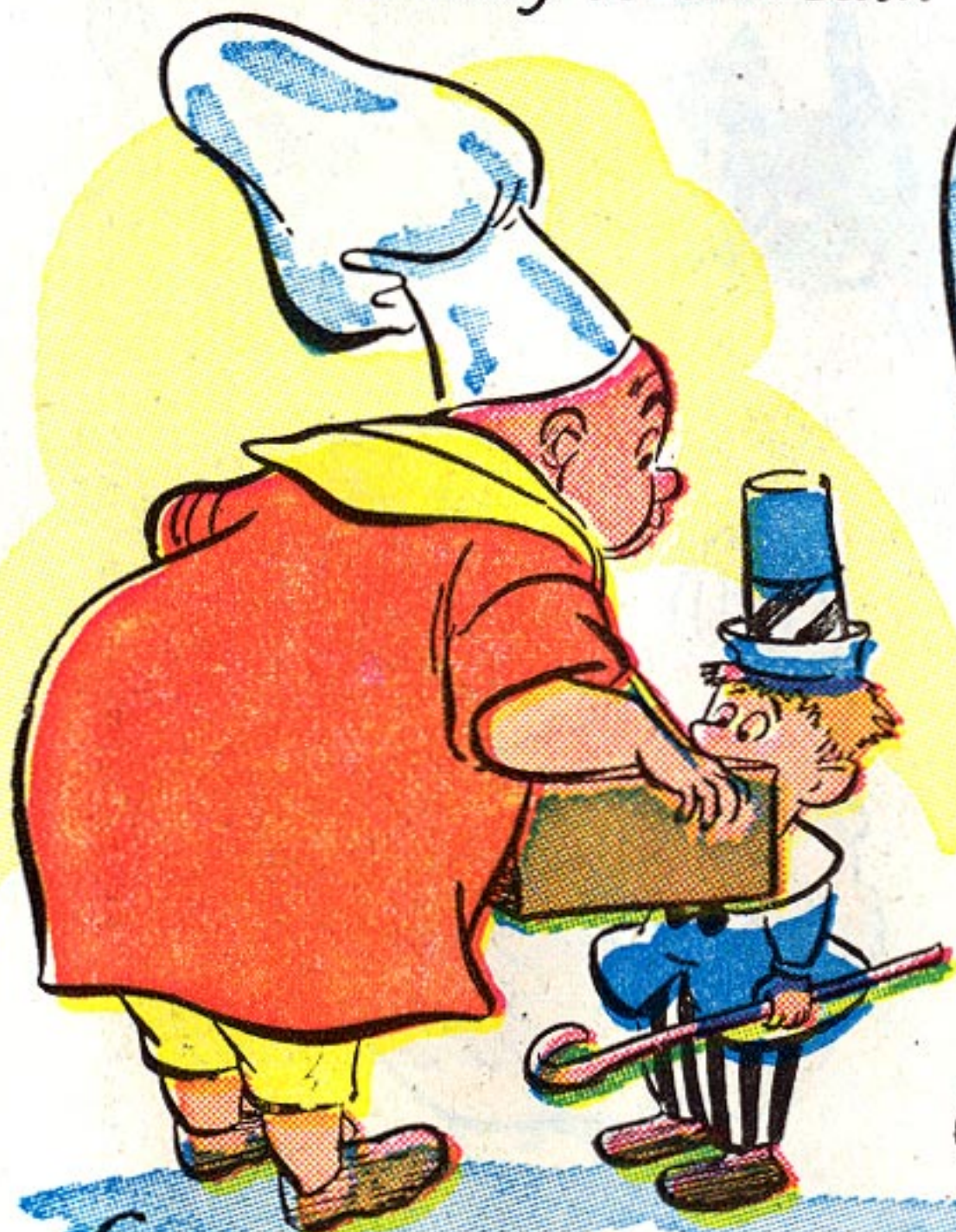
Simple Simon



*Simple Simon
Met a pieman
Going to the fair.*



*Said Simple Simon
To the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware!"*



*Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."*



*Says Simple
Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I haven't any!"*

Simple Simon



He went to catch a dicky bird And thought he could not fail,



*Because he had
a little salt*



So put upon its tail.

Simple Simon



*Simple Simon went
a-fishing
For to catch a whale.*



*But all the water he could find
Was in his mother's pail.*



*He fetched more water
in a sieve
But soon it all ran through,*



*And now good Simple Simon
Has a Christmas smile
for you.*

HANDY PANDY



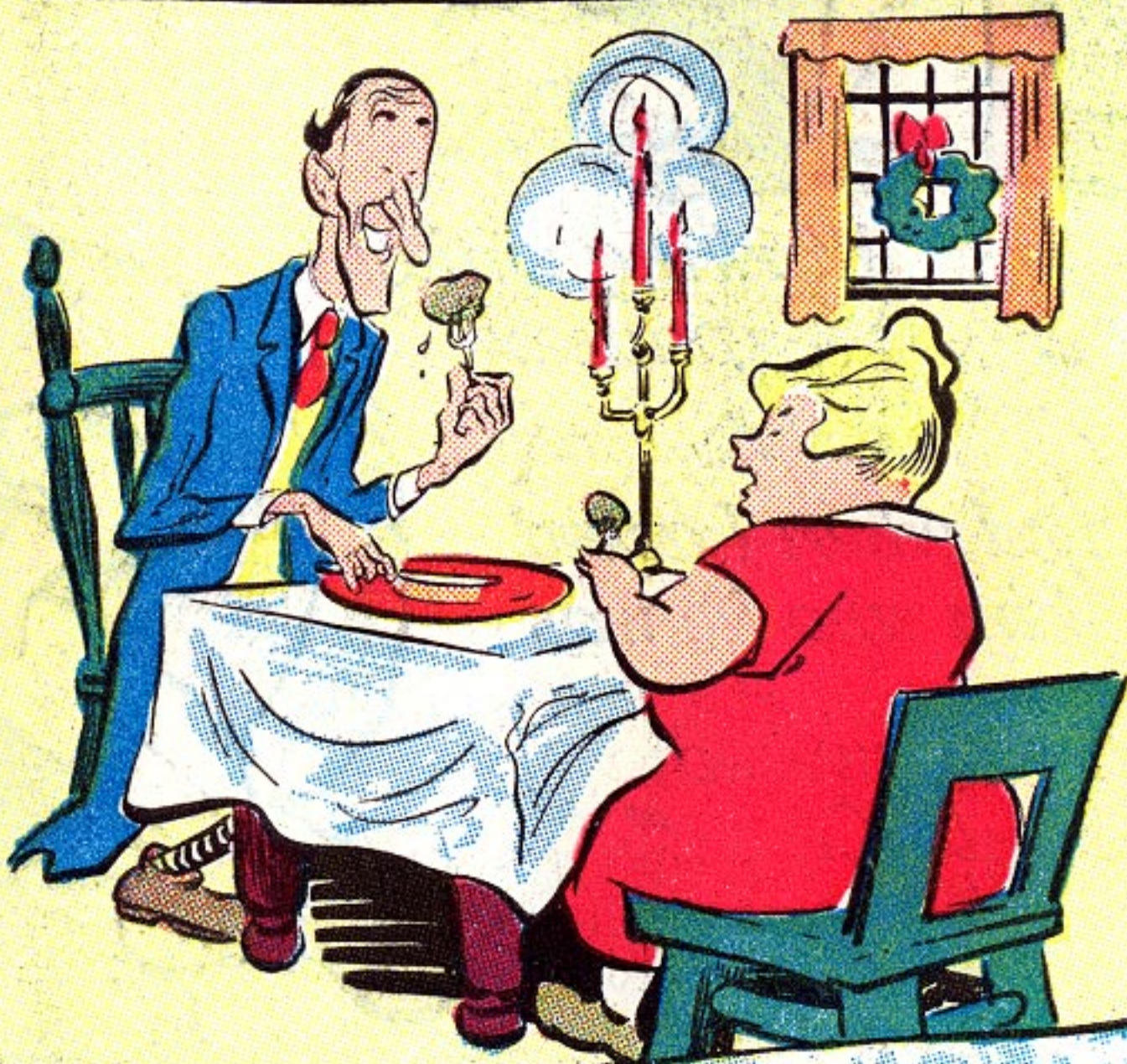
*Handy Pandy,
Jack a dandy,
Loves plum cake and
Christmas candy.*

*He bought some at
a grocer's shop
To give away, so
hop, hop, hop!*

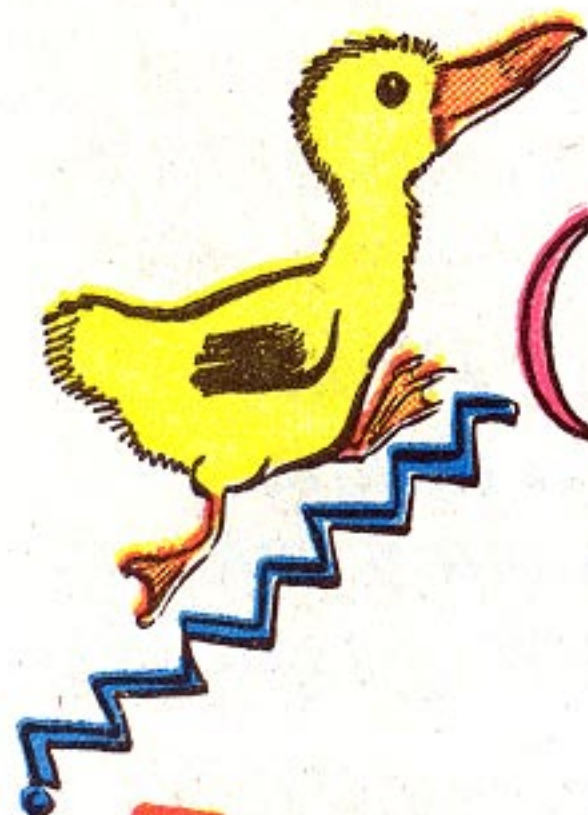
The Spratts

Jack Spratt
*could eat no fat,
His wife could
eat no lean;*

*But I must say, on
Christmas Day,
They licked the
platter clean.*



Goosey, Goosey Gander



*Goosey, Goosey Gander!
Where shall I wander?*

*Upstairs
and
Downstairs*



*And in the
children's chamber.*

*There I met an
old man*



*Working without
pause.*

*And when I asked
him who he was*

*He answered,
"Santa Claus!"*



Pippin Hill

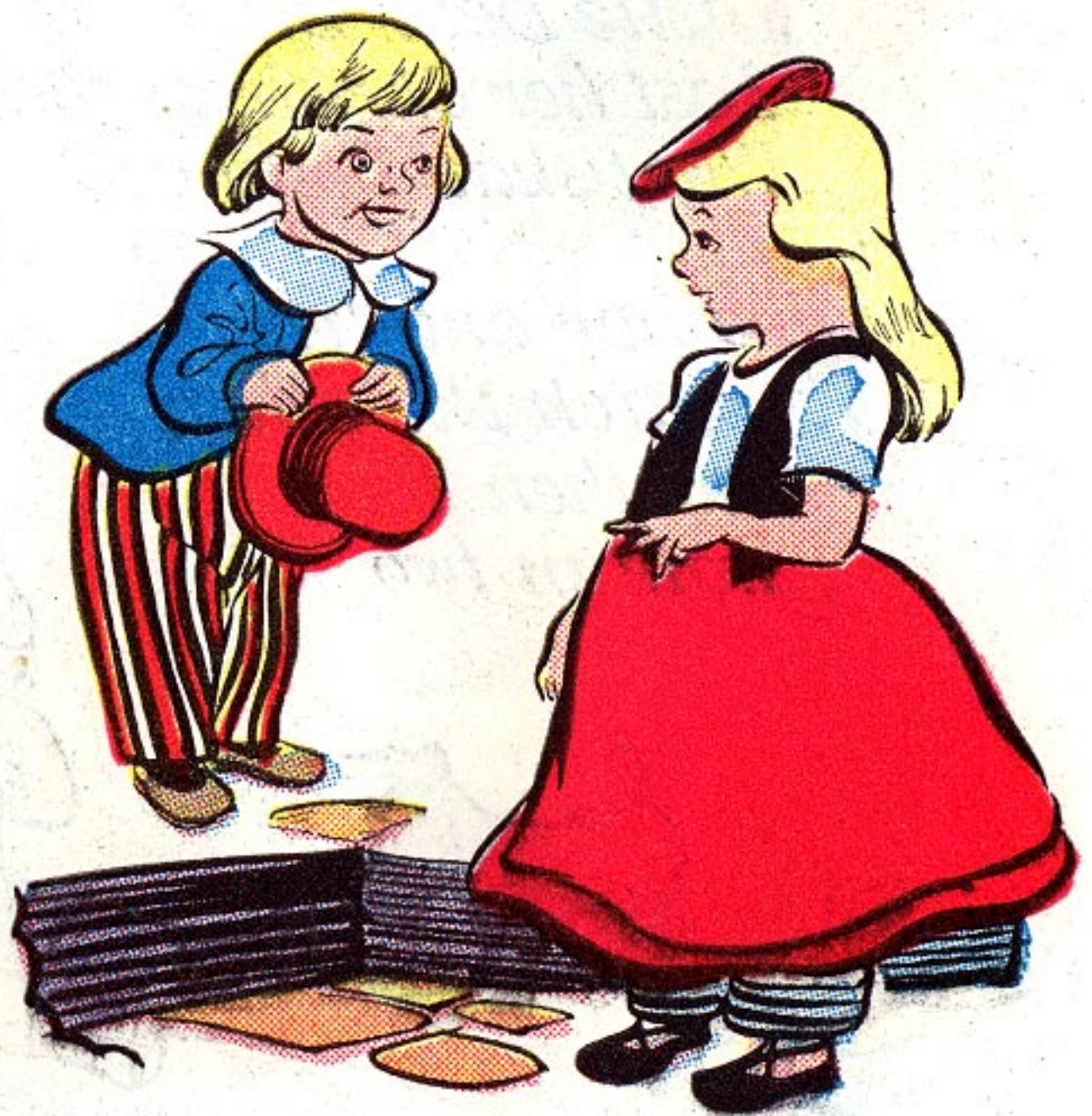


*As I was going
up Pippin Hill
To a Christmas
party,*

*There I met a
pretty lass
And she dropped
me a curtsy.*

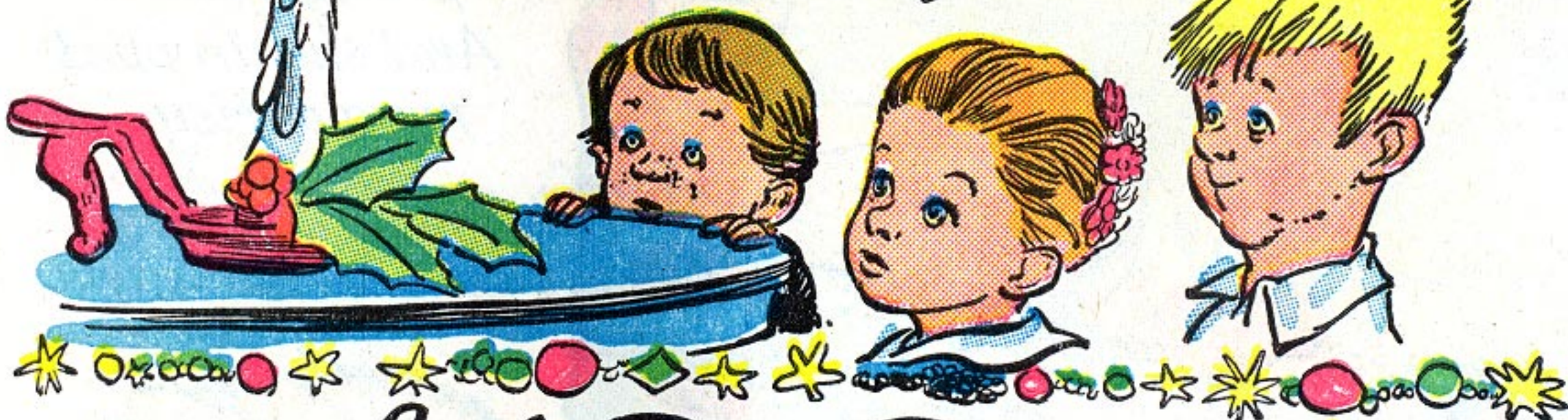
*"Little Miss,
pretty Miss,
Merry Christmas
to you;*

*If I had half
a crown
today,
I'd spend it all
upon you."*



The Christmas CANDLE

*Little Nancy Etticoat
In a white petticoat
And a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.*

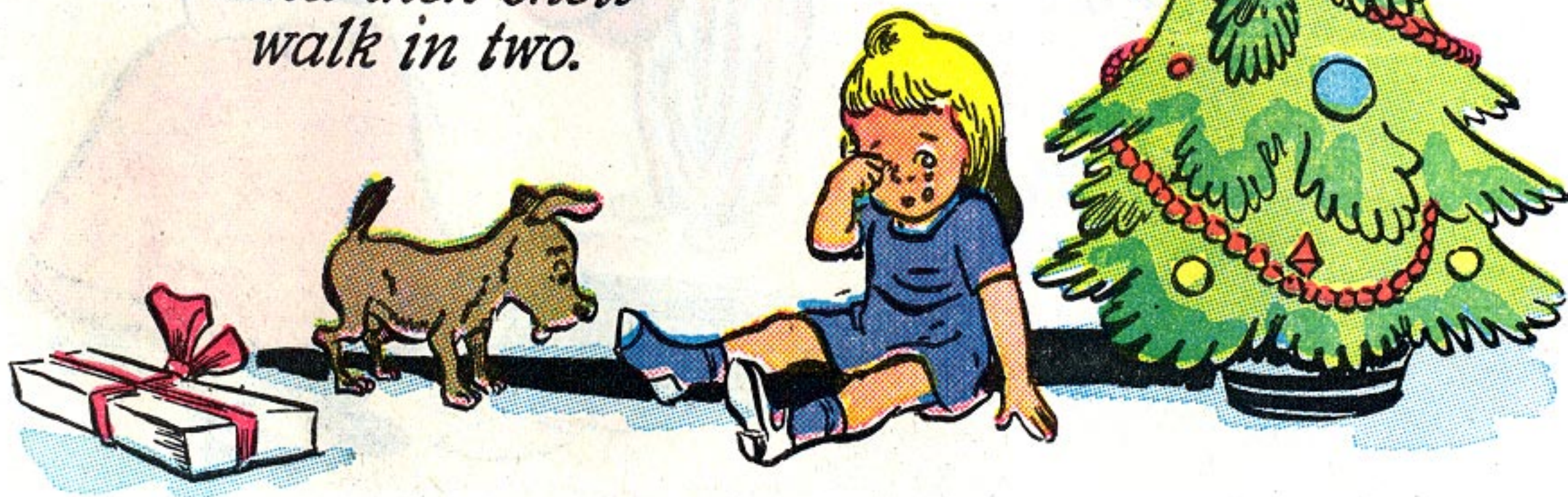


Little Betty Blue

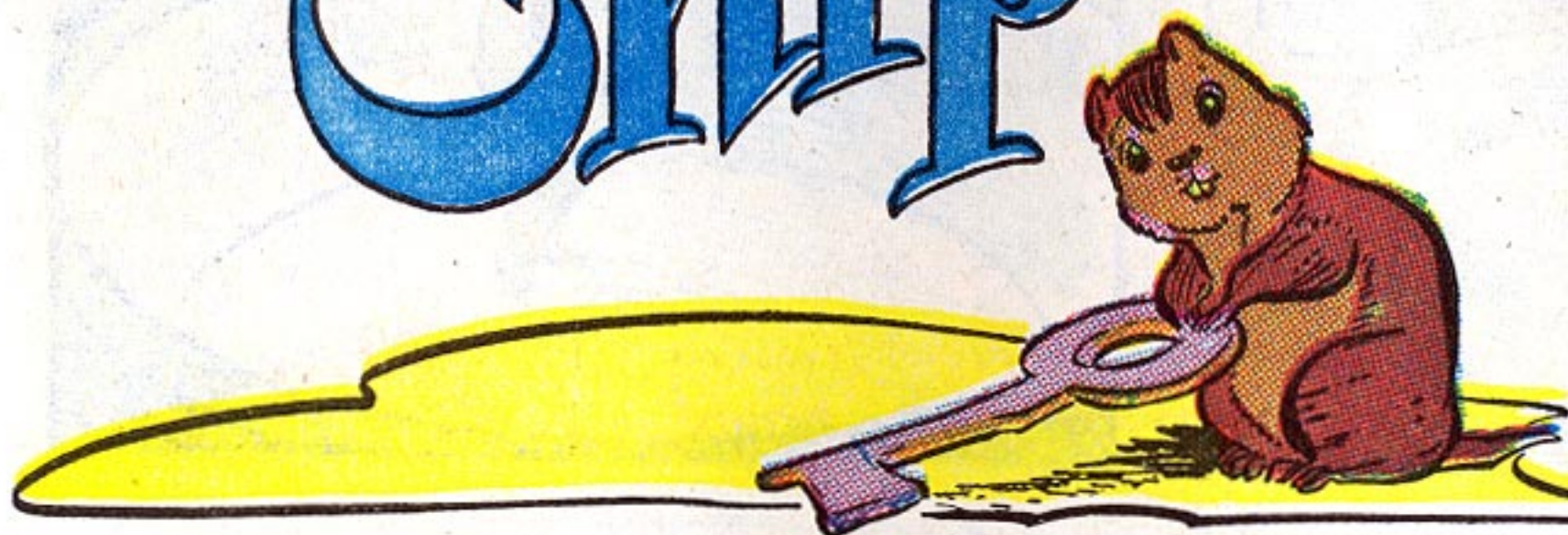


*Little Betty Blue
Lost her Christmas shoe.
What shall Betty do?*

*Give her another
To match the other,
And then she'll
walk in two.*



The tale of Chip-chop



and his
Christmas
Good Deed

Let's see now, if I've got everything
checked off on this list.



Listen, old Chip-chop, you scalawag,
you're in the way. Go into the
kitchen and help the Mother
Goose children.

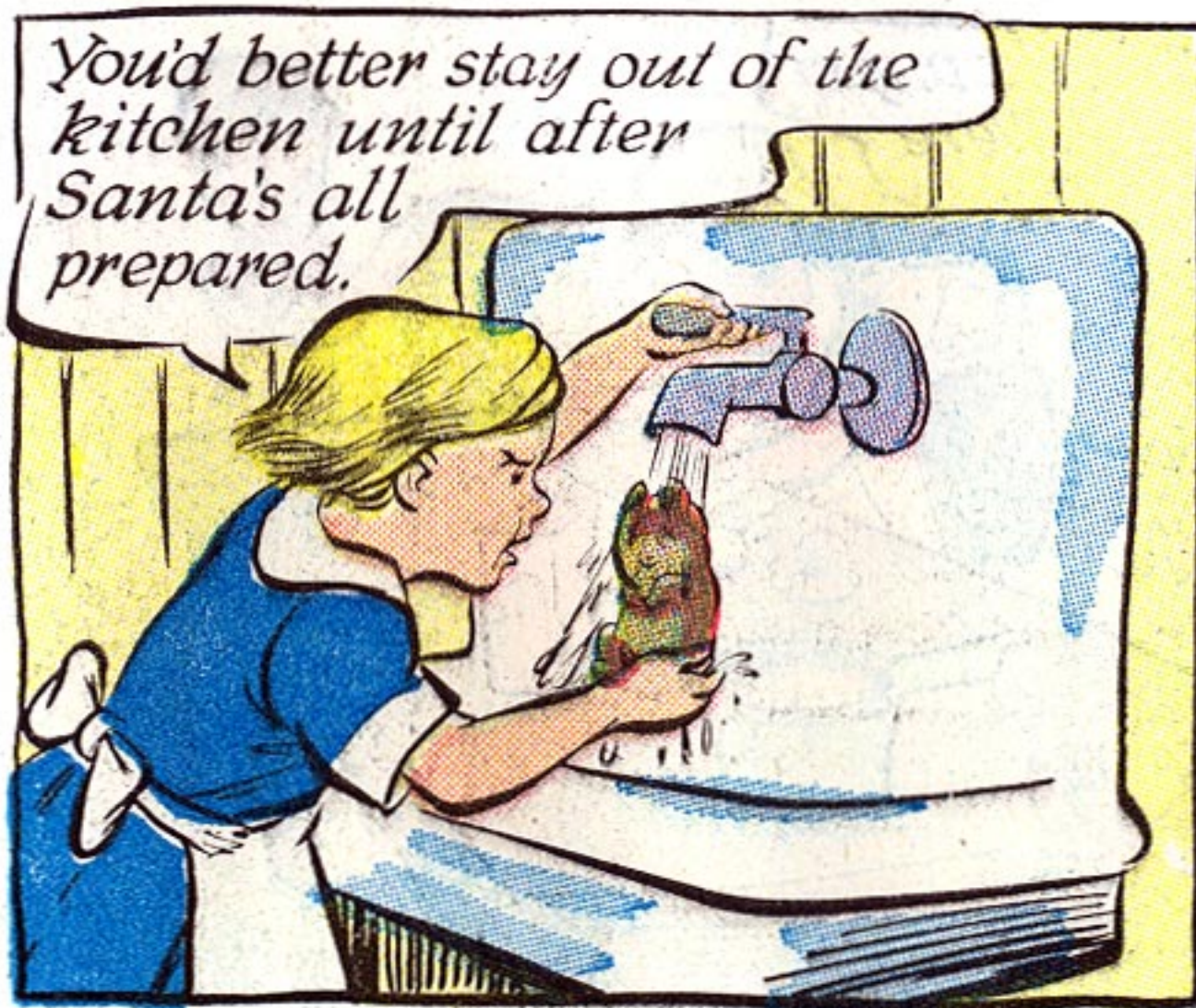


Somebody's always
chasing me.



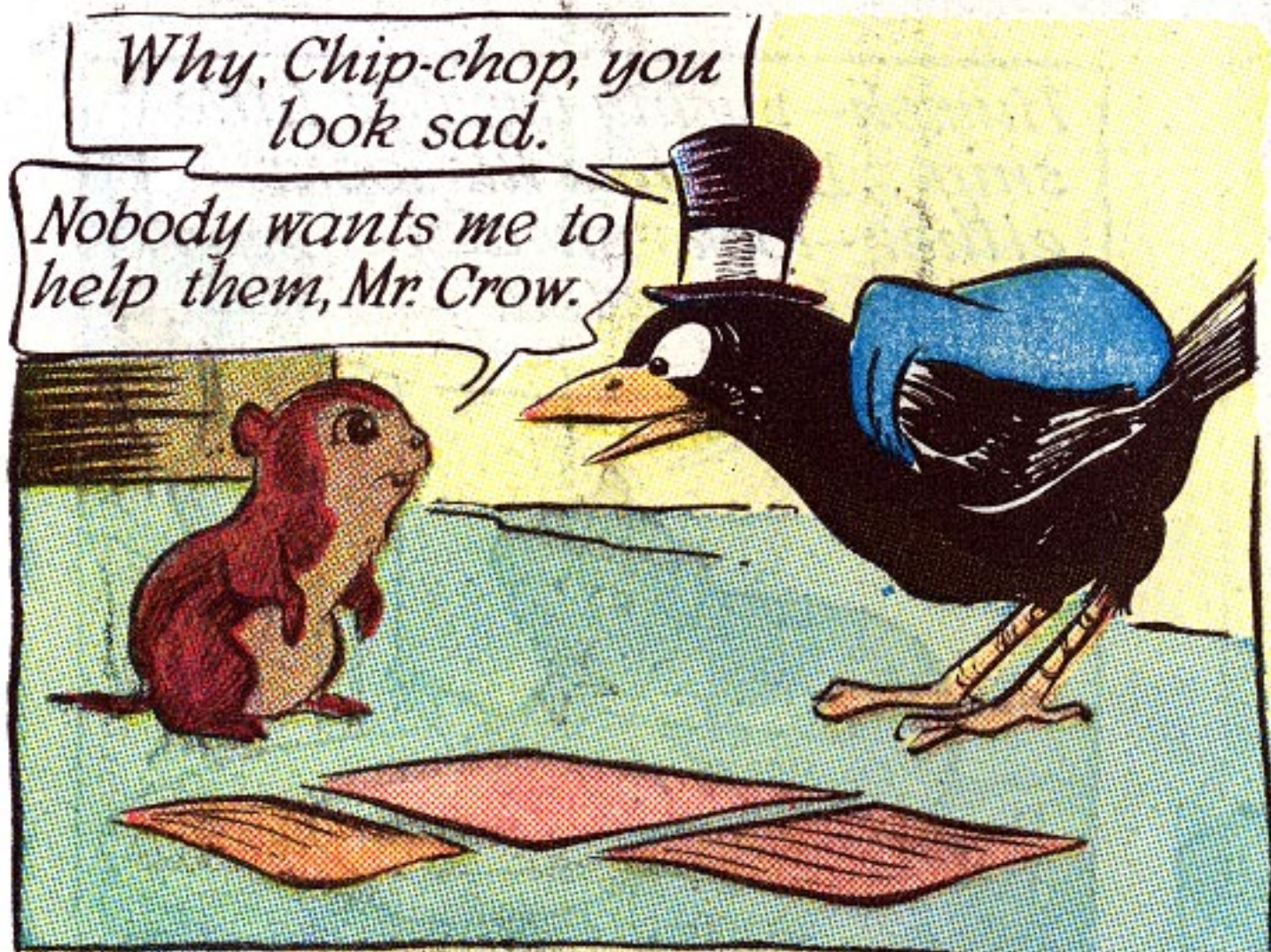
Now, Chip-chop, you
be careful. We're
finishing the
Christmas
cookies for
Santa.





Why, Chip-chop, you look sad.

Nobody wants me to help them, Mr. Crow.



Well, then, you can help me! I'm collecting little trinkets for Christmas presents.



See—here's some of the things I've got already.



Why don't you collect some bright things and I'll give them to the little woodland children.

Good! I will!



There's something perfect! A pencil stub—somebody will like that.



Maybe something else would be on Santa's dresser.



*Hello—you looking
for things, too?*



*Humph—mighty impolite little
snip...Don't like his looks,
either—looks sneaky—
not to be trusted.*



*What are you making faces
at yourself for, Chip-chop?*

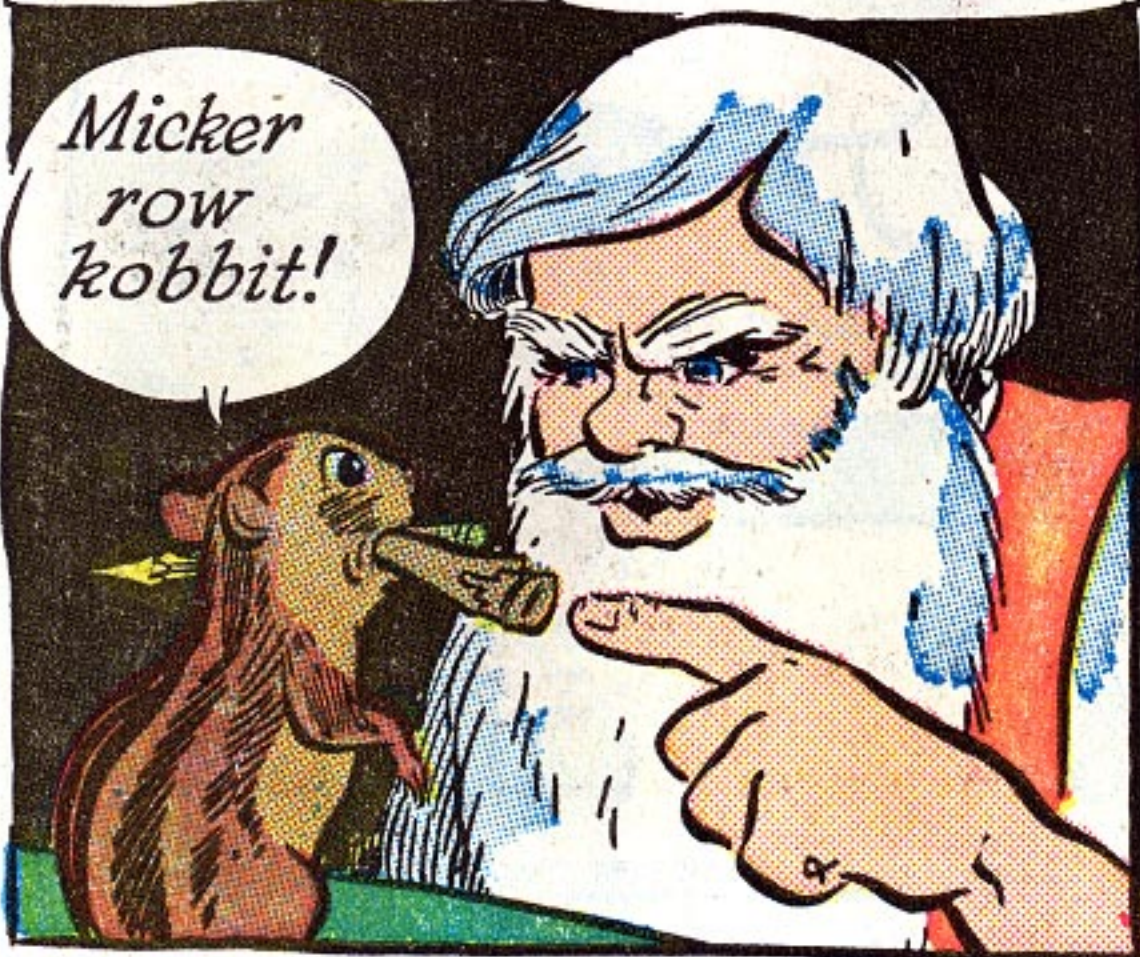


*Gosh! Where's the key for the
harness chest? How will I
hitch up the reindeer?
The key's gone!*



You didn't pick it up, did you?

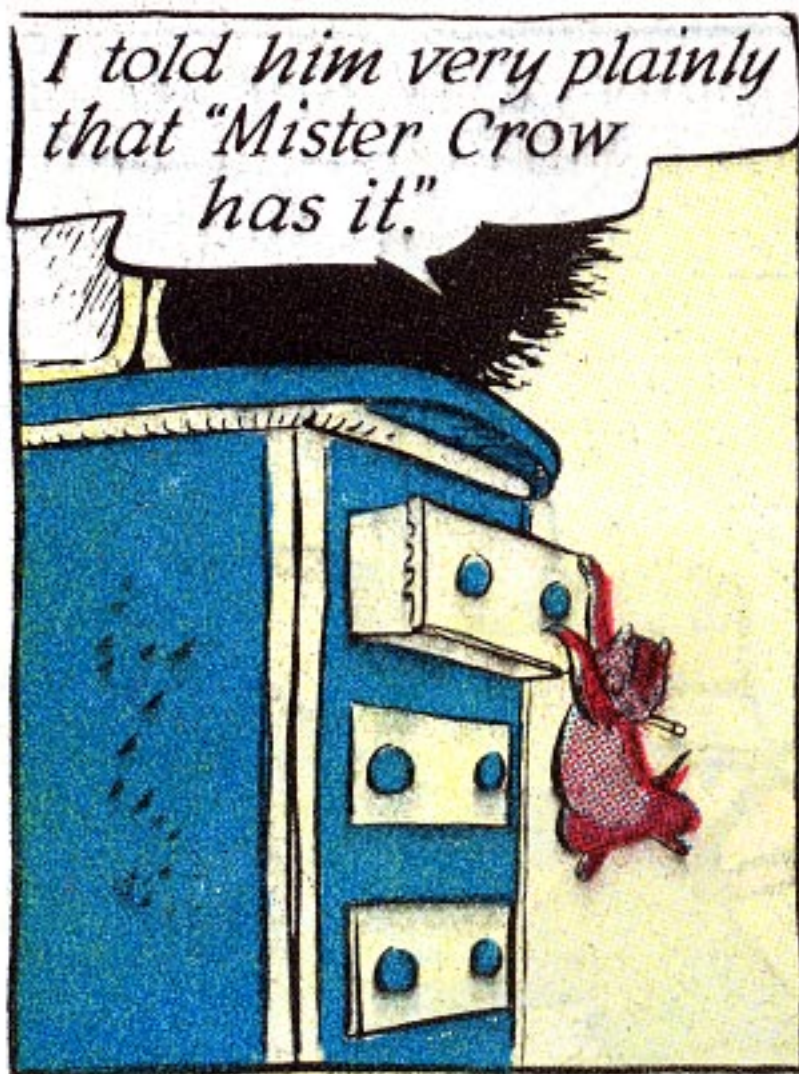
*Micker
row
kobbit!*



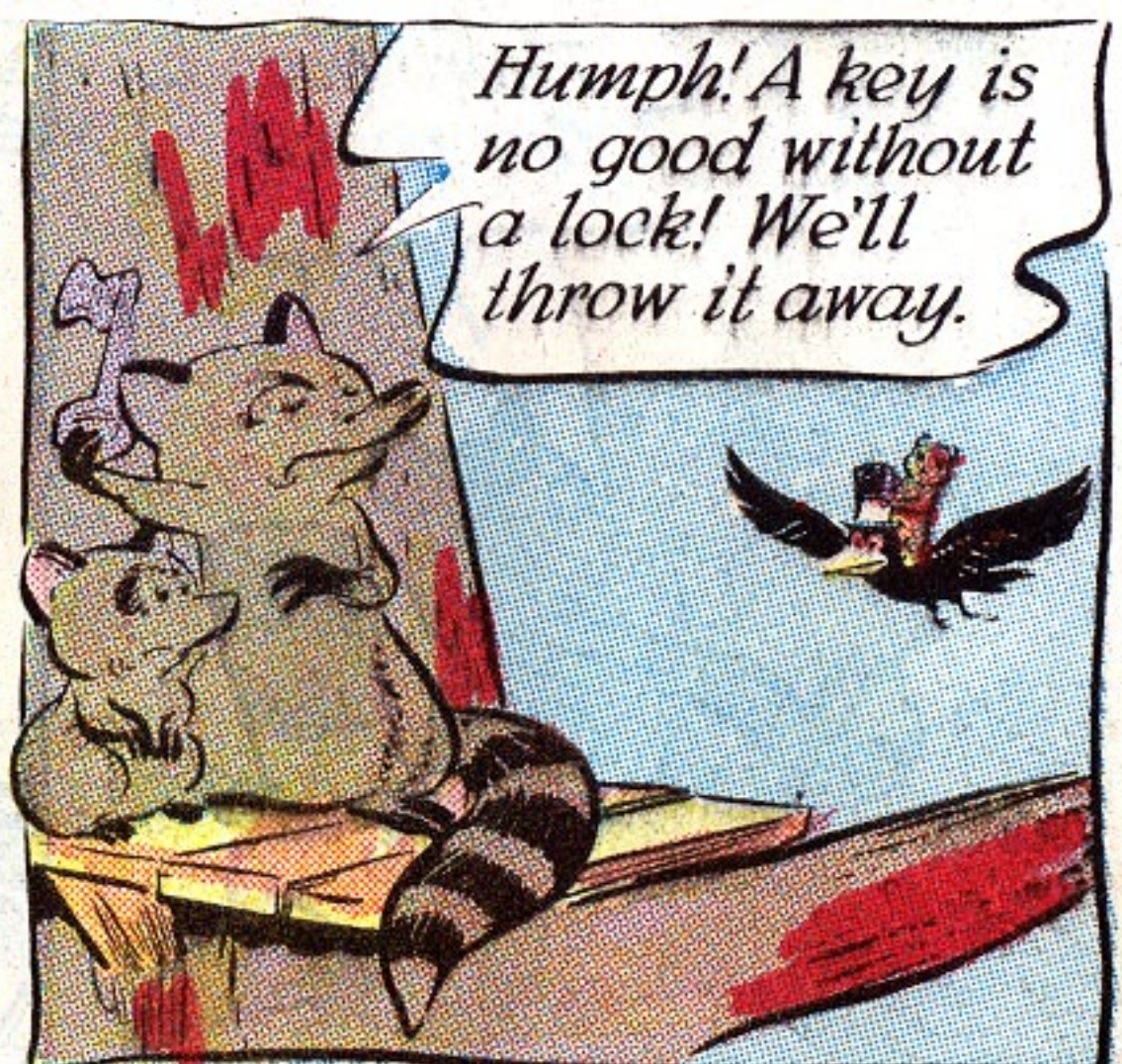
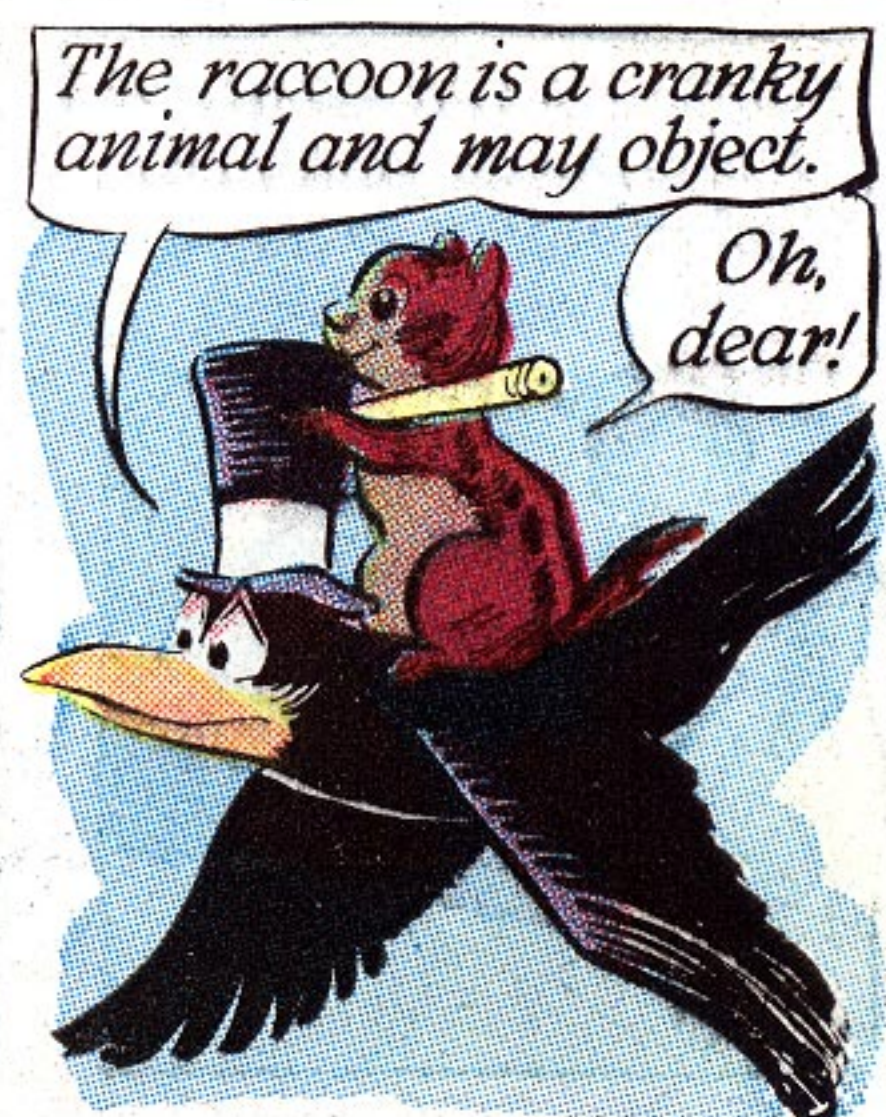
*Micker row
kobbit! Hah!*

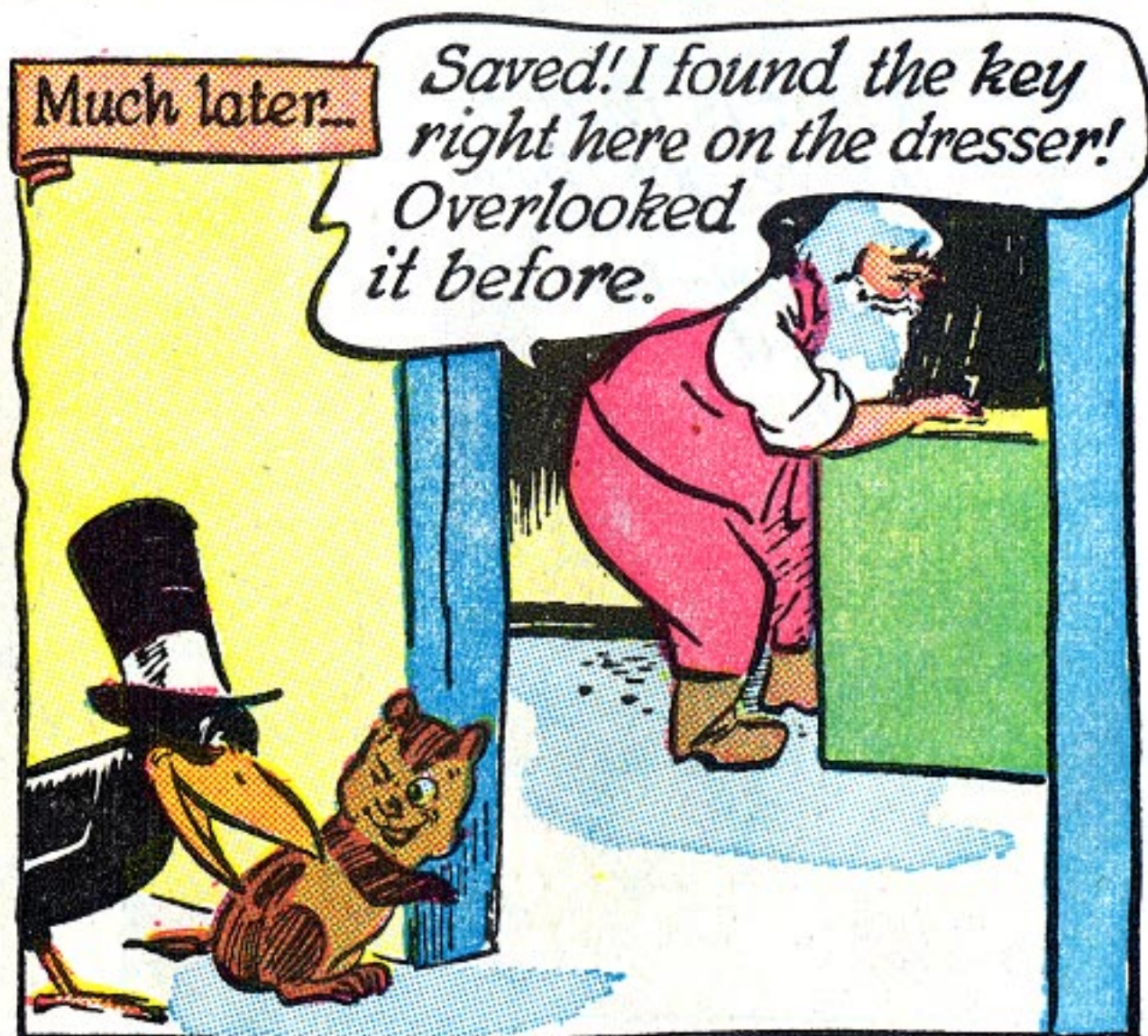
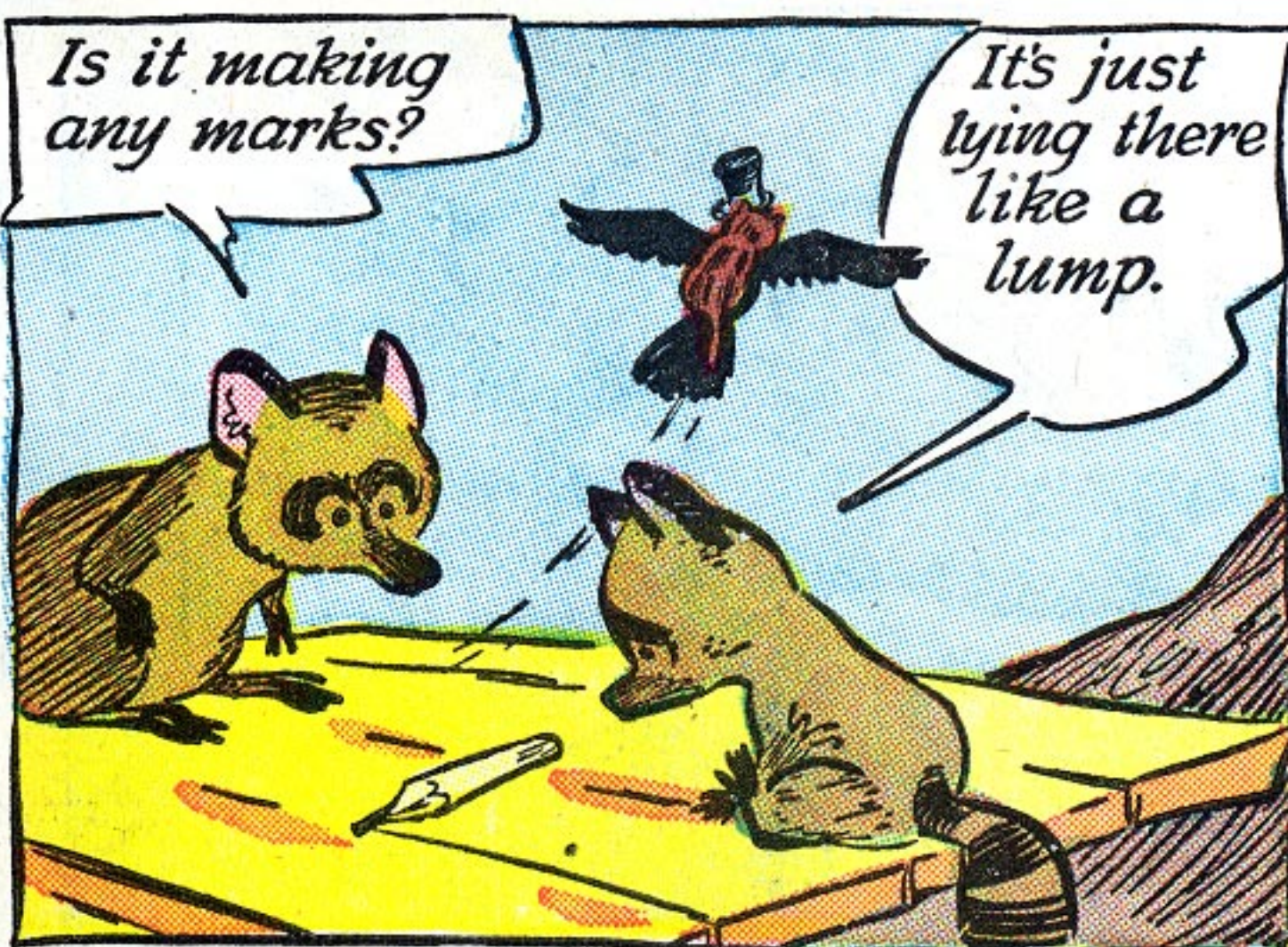
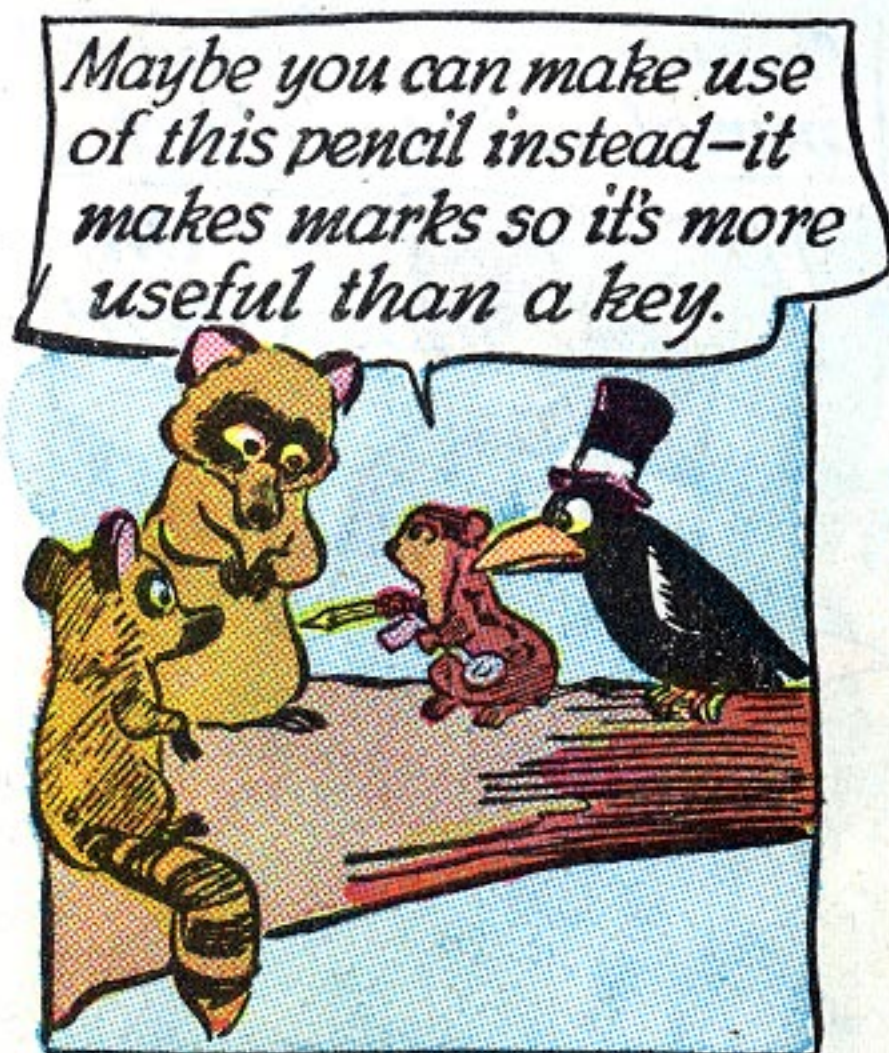
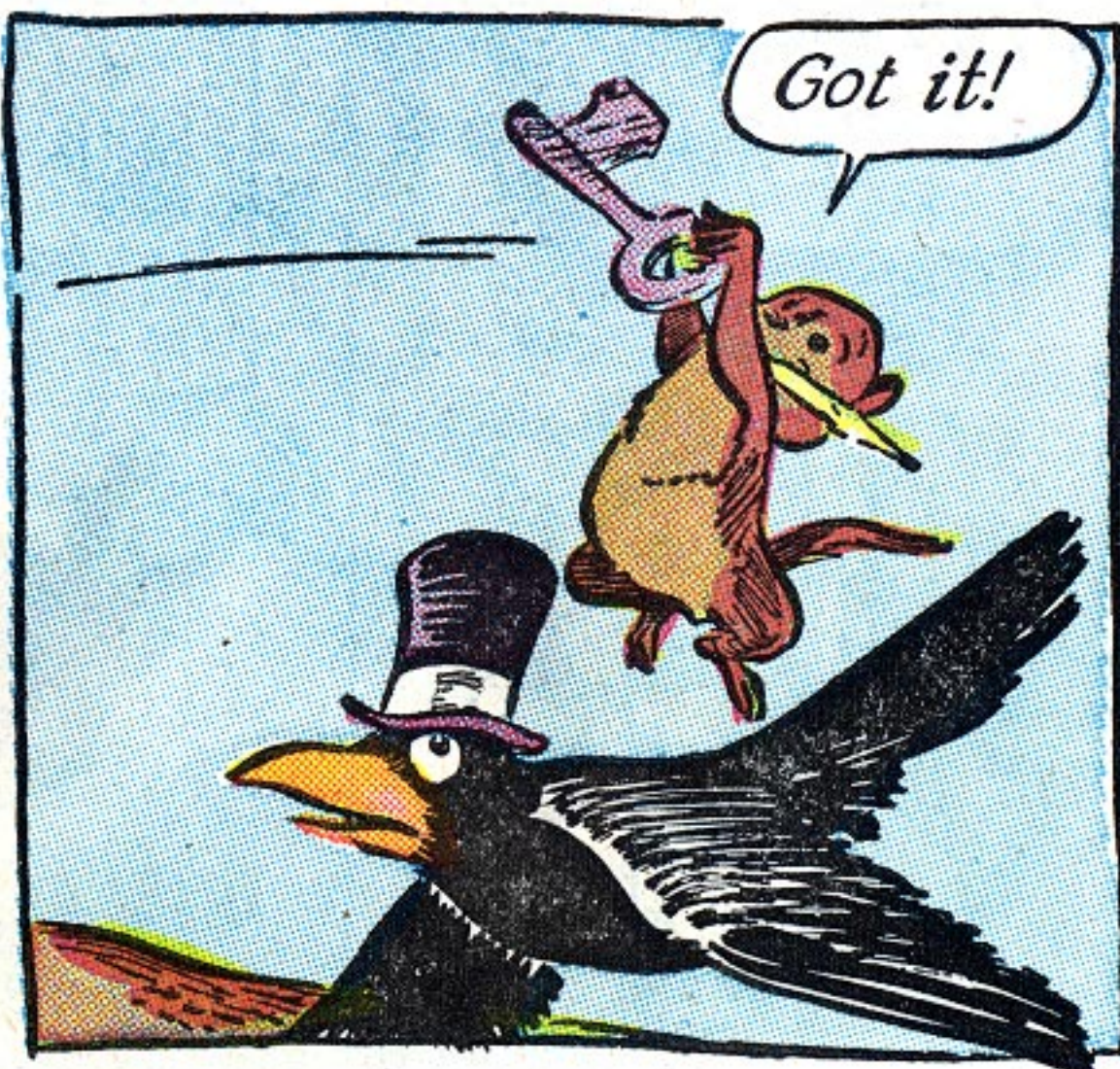
Honest!





Only thing I can do now is find Mr. Crow—the key was in his bag.





BANBURY CROSS



Ride a cockhorse
to Banbury Cross
To see a fine lady upon
a white horse.

*Rings on her fingers, and
bells on her toes,*

*She shall have
music wherever
she goes.*

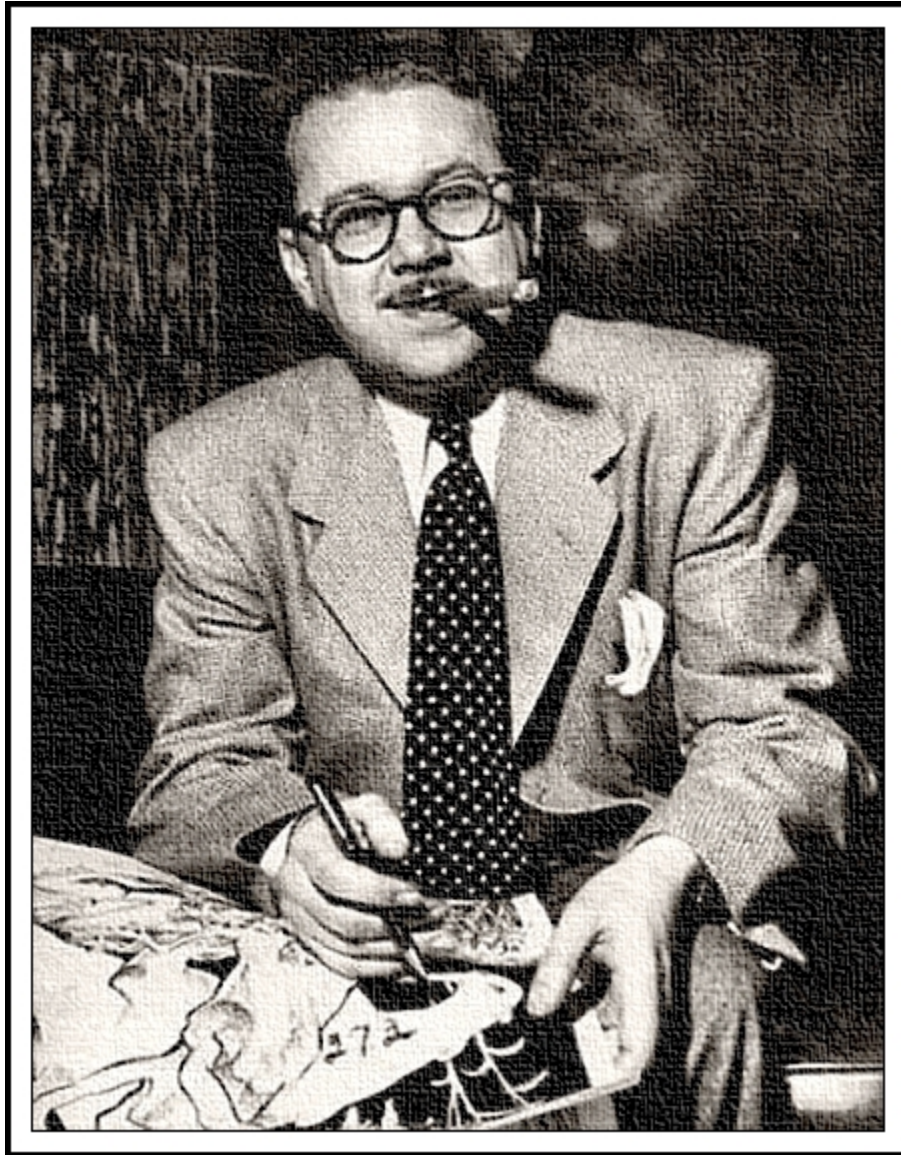


*Wherever she goes with a gallop so gay,
With a gallopity clop on bright
Christmas Day.*



*Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
my son John—
Went to bed with his
breeches on:*

*One shoe off, and
one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
my son John.*



Walter Crawford Kelly, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 25 August 1913 – 18 October 1973, Woodland Hills, California